

# ILLUSTRATED LIFE RHODESIA

FORTNIGHT ENDING JANUARY 27TH 1971  
REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

RHODESIA  
10c

BEAUTIFUL BODIES  
Car-shapes of the 'seventies

## THE DEFENDERS

War against terrorism

Army commander General Keith Coster—  
profile of a professional





**Pickle Mustard**  
(for cheese sandwiches)  
2 tablesp. mustard; 2 tablesp. pickle.



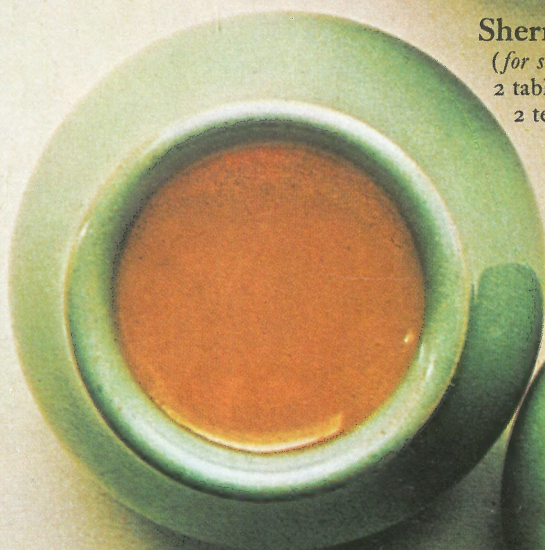
**Lemon Mustard**  
(for fish. Try it!)  
2 tablesp. mustard;  
2 tablesp. lemon juice.



**Sherry Mustard**  
(for steaks and beef)  
2 tablesp. mustard;  
2 teasp. sherry.



**Tomato Mustard**  
(for hot dogs and hamburgers)  
2 tablesp. mustard; 2 tablesp.  
tomato ketchup.



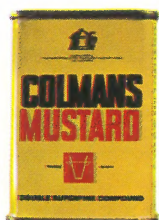
**Honey Mustard**  
(for bacon and gammon)  
2 teasp. mustard; 1 teasp. water.  
Mix well. Leave for 2-3 minutes.  
Then add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teasp. honey.



**Beer Mustard**  
(especially for boerewors)  
2 tablesp. mustard; 3 teasp. beer

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# ILLUSTRATED LIFE RHODESIA

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14th JAN., 1971 Vol. 3, No. 21

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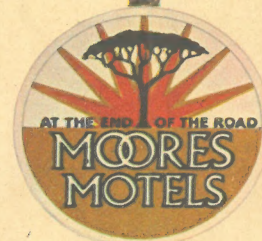
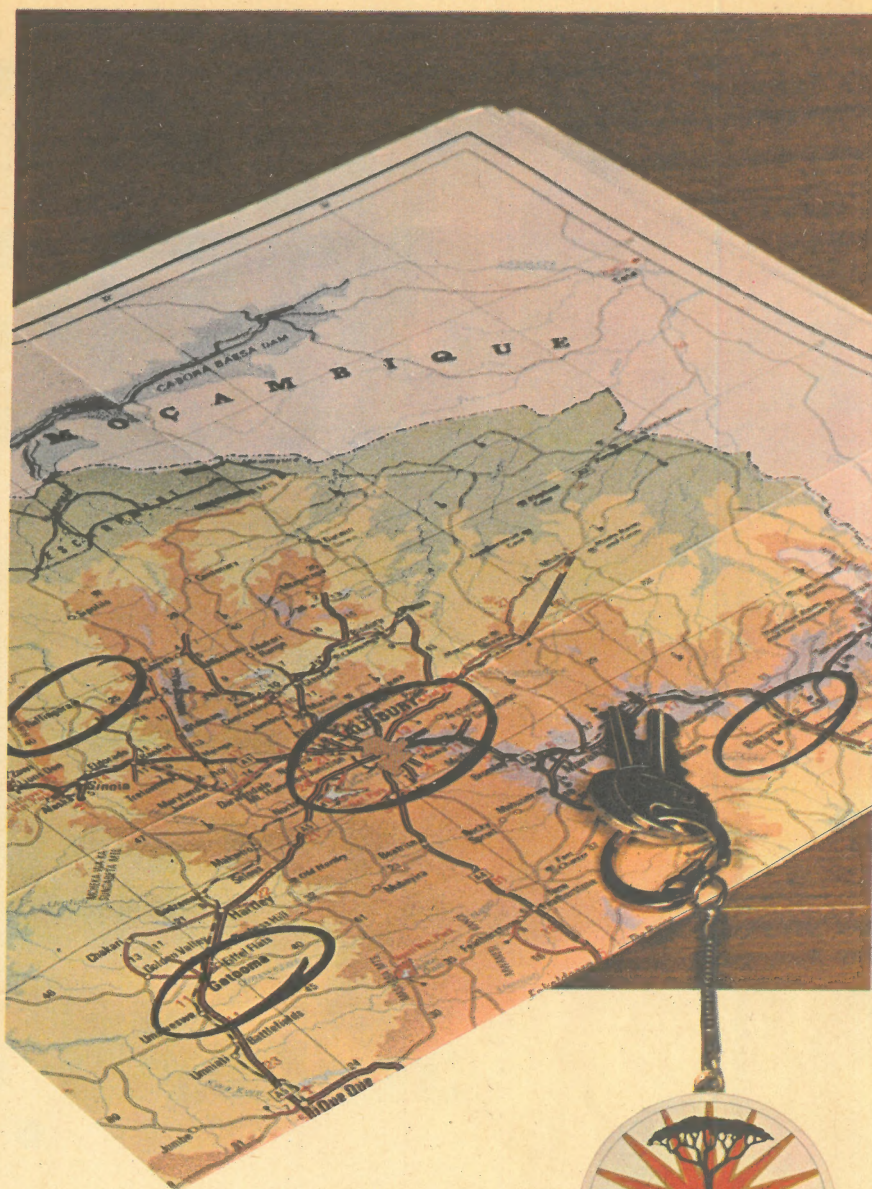
DIRECT POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION \$2.60 A YEAR (26 EDITIONS, INCLUDING POSTAGE IN RHODESIA ONLY) from Subscription Department, The Graham Publishing Company (Pvt.) Ltd., P.O. Box 2931, Salisbury, Rhodesia, Telephone 26717/8/9. For non-Rhodesian annual subscriptions add 87c to cover extra postage costs.

ILLUSTRATED LIFE RHODESIA Editorial and Advertising Offices: P.O. Box 2931, Salisbury, Rhodesia. Telephone 26717/8/9. Telegraphic Address "GRACOR".

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ILLUSTRATED LIFE RHODESIA 14th January, 1971



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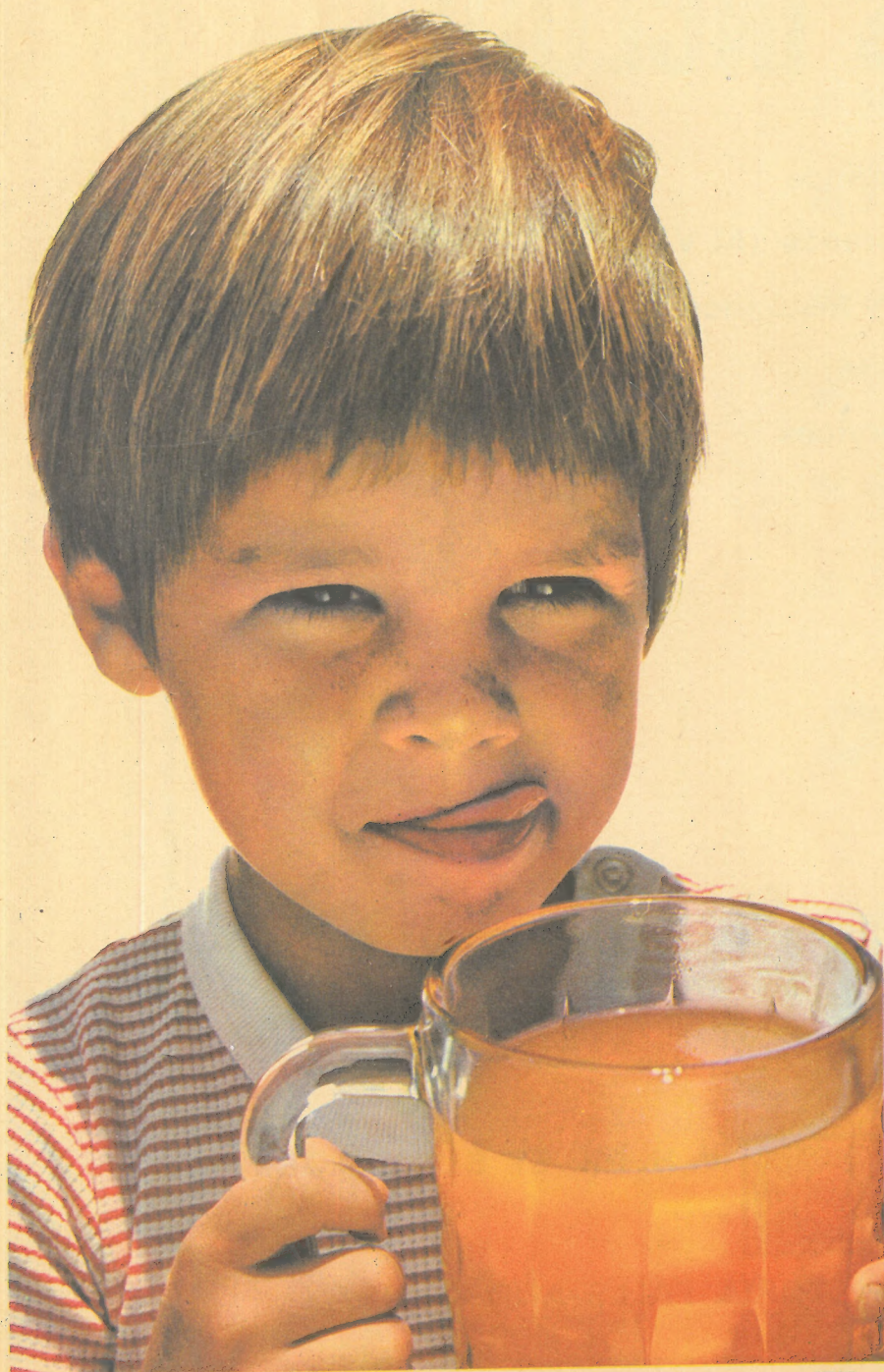
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## DO-IT-YOURSELF

*Learn the rudiments and you'll save a lot of money, says Malcolm Johnson.*

**P**EOPLE TEND to think of specialist courses such as the ones offered to part-timers by the Salisbury Polytechnic as useful only where they can be employed to qualify one for outside work — cake-icing, pewter work etcetera. (I shall deal with the financial aspects of lucrative home hobbies in a future column.) But many of the courses available for Rhodesians do in fact save you money by equipping you for tasks which hitherto were handed over to a professional—at considerable cost.

Take car maintenance, for example. Though my elder brothers were keen car-tinkerers, and I grew up to be tolerantly proficient in fixing minor breakages myself, in recent years I've found myself increasingly ready to hand over such jobs to our local garage, and spend my weekends basking beside the pool, or playing tennis, instead. Then I began looking through my "Car File" the other day . . . and discovered that had I attended myself to the small defects over the past year, I would by now have saved enough to buy a luxury lounging chair! Most garages charge on average \$3.60 an hour for labour. Whilst the major tasks such as (especially in cars with more than one carburettor) regrounding valves, regrounding the crankshaft, tuning the engine and fitting new piston rings, should certainly be left to the professionals, the home mechanic with a bit of spare time can attend to a straightforward servicing of his car (the last servicing on mine cost me \$3.50 for labour); the changing of light bulbs, fitting of new air filters, adjusting of brakes and fan-belts, the fitting of the master and slave cylinder kits and the re-setting of the timing, to name but a few of the tribulations which beset the motorist.

The Polytechnic offer a car maintenance course costing only \$10 a term. (the course usually takes just the one term). Lessons are given for two hours each Saturday afternoon, and each student must bring his or her own car to work on, so that he/she becomes accustomed to its individual needs and vagaries. Cheap at the price in order to be able to cope with those troubles which, to the helpless, usually mean a whacking blow beneath the budget belt.

While the single girl with a car of her own might profit from such a course, any woman can save dollars by learning how to make her own dresses. The Polytechnic's dressmaking course costs \$10 a term, and teaches the beginner home dressmaking step by step, from the cutting out of garments right through the machining and assembling, to the finishing and hand-sewing. A home-made dress needn't cost more than \$3; attractive Rhodesian cotton material retails around 69c a yard. Three yards (a generous estimate) of material, a 40c zip, two reels of cotton at 10c each, is all that is required—with perhaps an extra 40c or so for buttons or trimming. A bright girl I know has just made herself a stunning Christmas outfit consisting of floor-length gilet, and matching bra top and trousers, for \$6.00. A similar outfit costs around \$40 in most city boutiques.

Next fortnight I'll be discussing the financial merits of growing one's own vegetables.●

## BEWARE THE BACKHANDER

*When is a gift a bribe?  
Percy Manning explains.*



LAW  
FOR THE LAYMAN

**R**ECENTLY I went to a commercial firm's annual party. There were a lot of big business people there and several senior civil servants. As I left afterwards, clutching my token gift which each guest had received, I thought irreverently how easy it would be for an organisation like that of my hosts to commit the crime of bribery.

Big firms are nearly all in the habit of making extravagant gestures to people who bring them business. But let a "state official" benefit and it could be bribery. Civil servants are all state officials; but the term also apparently includes other people who work for the State, even if they work for nothing.

An important point about bribery is that both the official being bribed and the person bribing him are committing an offence. Of course the official who wouldn't dream of being bribed and who says "Get thee behind me" when tempted isn't guilty. But his tempter is! and curiously enough he is guilty of actual bribery and not merely attempting to bribe. To offer the temptation is enough.

Incidentally, large sums of money don't need to change hands to found the charge. The law says "any consideration" is enough. This can mean any present, food, drink (this makes one think twice about those business lunches!), services, information and so on. And what is more, it needn't be a present to the official himself. It could be to his wife, children, friends, in fact anyone whose benefit would be associated with him.

It's easy enough to think up examples of bribery but the essential thing to remember is that a bribe is criminal only if offered with the deliberate and immediate objective of getting an official to pull some string. Obviously the firm giving its income tax inspector a free pool for turning a blind eye on some of its profits is guilty. So also is the man who asks a public prosecutor out to lunch and, over coffee, requests him to forget that speeding charge.

Often it's hard to distinguish a business gift tagged onto a request for definite favour—this is a bribe—from the gift which it is hoped will make the receiver think well of the giver. Such gifts are often on the border line of bribery. The parent who has his child give the teacher extravagant end-of-term presents is not guilty, even though far too often the silent hope is that the child's future "progress" will benefit. Similarly the road haulage firm which sends beautiful desk diaries to the Post Office staff responsible for deciding whose lorries shall carry the surface mail is probably not guilty of bribery.

Bribery can, in terms of a special statute, extend beyond state officials. For instance, to offer an agent some reward for acting against the interests of his principal is held to be bribery.●

ILLUSTRATED LIFE RHODESIA 14th January, 1971





A young herd of female Sable Antelope. The Victoria Falls National Park contains large numbers of these buck. Best viewing area is the Chomabonda Vlei.

*S*lim brown-eyed buck stand balancing  
 Their two heavy horns and sprung hindquarters  
 Delicately on the fulcrum  
 Of their forward hooves. Giraffe, their heads swimming,  
 Stand tall to eat the shade or watch,  
 Blinking, for the outflanking, knife-toed leopards.

*A clump of giant bamboo stands still  
 A yard back from the water as if waiting  
 On winds to cool their dusty columns.  
 Elephant grass bends, khaki, itchy, separate,  
 As if the blades cannot bear to touch.  
 Insensate, the heat stamps raging on the world.*

(From Douglas Livingstone's Guinness Award poem: "A Bamboo Day")



# THIS IS ALL YOU NEED...

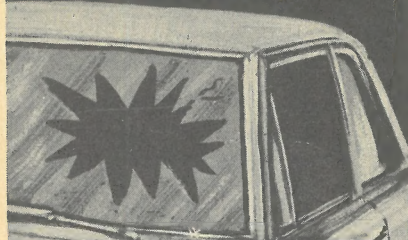
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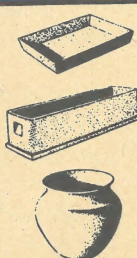
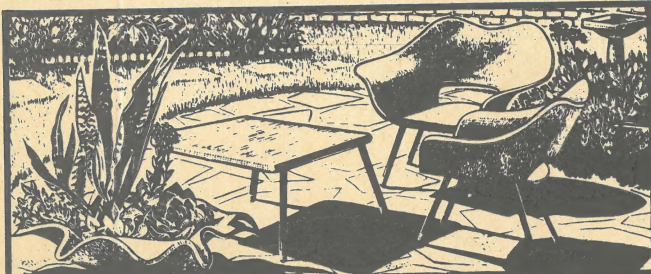
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## If Capricorn is your sign



IT'S NOT for nothing that the goat is your symbol. Capricornians are prone to dig in their heels; and a swift butt of the horns often accompanies the stubbornness, so where there's a Capricornian, you will also find several sworn enemies. However, they make very valuable friends; prudent, reliable and trustworthy. It's only in affairs of the heart that the deviousness creeps in... and the she-goat in pursuit of her chosen mate is the deadlier of the species. Capricornians should marry Capricornians and spend happy hours counting their shekels... failing that, sensible Taureans and Virgoans won't upset the financial or emotional appercart too much; but romantic Pisceans or fiery Scorpians often blend surprisingly well with phlegmatic Capricorn—who's a bit of a devil at heart.

## Stars this fortnight (JANUARY 14- JANUARY 27)

**CAPRICORN** (December 22-January 19). Now that all the festive euphoria is over, unmarried Capricornians could find themselves with a late-final bonus; seems that the person in your life has come to realize that all the stars in his/her eyes weren't reflected from the Xmas tree after all. A happy period for married Capricornians too, and a good time for amicable discussions on 1971 family projects.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 18). Thunder on the domestic front over finances: you and your partner will never agree as to how the cents should be shared out, and it looks as if you'll have to give in this time... gracefully. But possessive-proud Aquarians get a glow this fortnight from kith and kin: a child does well in one particular area of endeavour—a better present in the long run than any filip to the bank balance.

**PISCES** (February 19-March 20). Your rose-coloured specs will lead you into the red this fortnight, so take a long cool look at the horrid old world without them. Things won't really be so bad to reorganize once you get cracking; and there's specially good news in an unexpected letter.

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20). A good fortnight career-wise, with plenty to get your teeth into. At home, finances will permit the purchase of something you've been hankering after for ages... no, not that Ferrari... but there'll certainly be more cash on hand than you bargained for.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20). A good fortnight for you if you amble rather than charge, for there is a minor accident aspected for the unwary. Nothing serious, but something which could be avoided by a bit of softly, softly. Two swinging evenings in amusing company are likely.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21). An offer, obliquely made, is coming your way. Take it up and your life will change radically: more money, less peace of mind, with a possibility of long-term tranquillity after a stormy passage. Don't talk this over with anyone: you must decide alone.

**CANCER** (June 23-July 20). The scene is yours: take the stage. Limelight and praise, success in a project you've been working on for a long time, and admiration from a person whose opinion you value. Make the most of every minute of this wing-ding fortnight.

**LEO** (July 21-August 22). Easily depressed and discouraged, you're all set for a bit of glooming at the moment. An associate will annoy you with a chance remark, and all told, you'll yearn to head for the hills. But a pleasant surprise will untie your running shoes—and towards the end of the fortnight, life suddenly becomes worth living after all.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 22). Polish up your crystal ball: you've been taking too much on face value, and neglecting your not inconsiderable powers of intuition. One development at least is going to need looking at from both sides now—forget about those castles in the air and evaluate the situation honestly, not as you'd like it to be. A small late gift brings pleasure.

**LIBRA** (September 23-October 22). Detour: an unexpected opportunity means a voyage into the unknown. Could be a new interest, could be the advent of a new and important person. But Pluto, planet of change, is ensconsed in your house for some time to come.

**SCORPIO** (October 23-November 21). Time for home entertaining—catch up on all those owed invitations in one big party to end the parties. You'll need some distraction such as this to counteract a doldrums period at work: torture for restless Scorpians.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22-December 21). Lucky you—the moneybags are heading in your direction this fortnight, and about time too, you may say. Mars in your house means a sudden surge of energy and enthusiasm (also about time) and all the depression and disenchantment of the past few months is shaken off in what bodes to be the luckiest period of this first quarter for you. •

## STAR READER

**M**RS. H. LEWIS of Bindura was born on the 5th of May, and asks what the future holds for her.

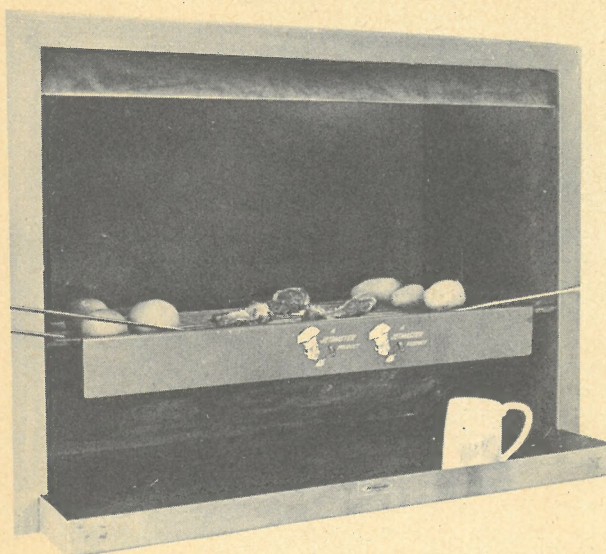
Uranus in your house heralds a period of change, Mrs. Lewis, which will probably begin around the middle of 1971. This new phase in your life is going to be interesting but demanding, and as the last few years have meant a good deal of solid slogging, I think you should plan a holiday for April or May so that you are in trim to meet all the challenges which lie before you. One such might be a move to a new country. Before you go, breach the gap which has widened of late between you and an old friend. You will not regret it. Finally, like all Taureans, you appreciate nice surroundings, and one of the many good things the future has in store for you is the probability of being able to buy household goods that you've always wanted. •



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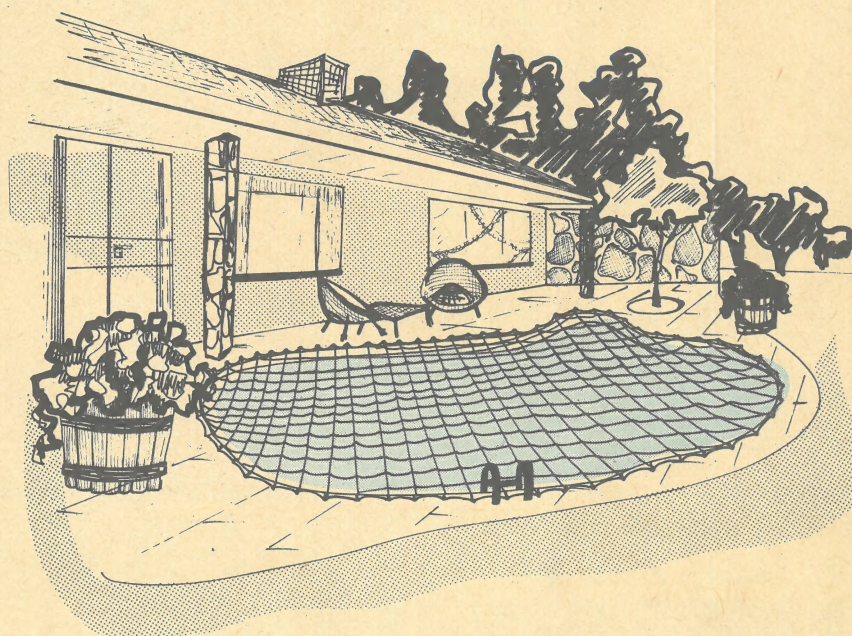
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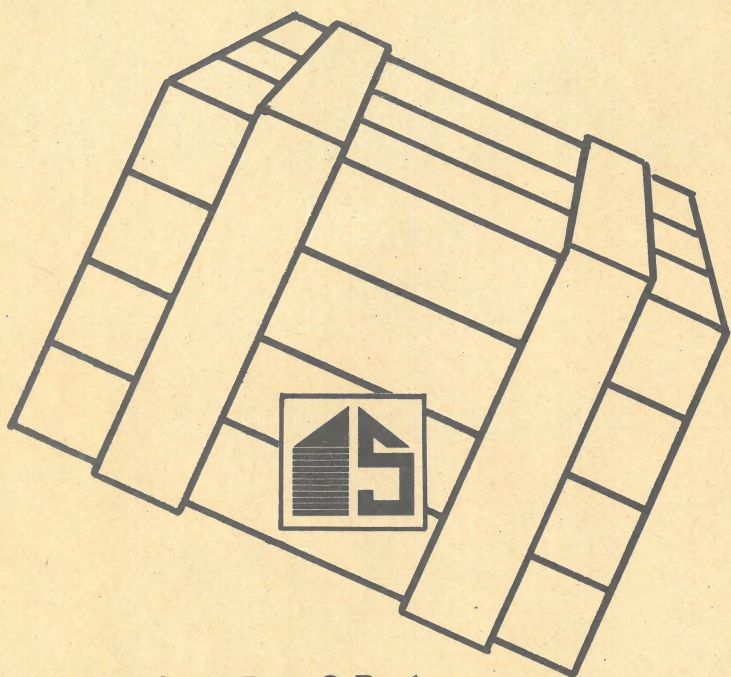
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## For the asking...

Sheena Ferguson answers your questions

HOPE 1970 has been as interesting a year for you as it has been for me. The dozens who took me up on my "For The Asking" invitation during the year set me posers ranging from how to get a canary to sing, to tracking down a Japanese book on a subject which I felt a certain diffidence in mentioning when I telephoned round all the bookshops; Hey ho: at least it made for an interesting morning . . . not least of the entertainment stemming from the widely varying reactions of the shop assistants. This example will serve to indicate to newcomers to this column that absolutely anything goes—so if you've got problems with your petunias or bunions or boyfriend, girlfriend, baby or pet hamster . . . do write in: I and my panel of experts will do our best to help. A happy new year to you all.

★ Top of the mailbag pile was this question from "Troubled Mum", Umtali: "Our six-year-old son came out with a four letter word the other day, and told us airily that he had learnt it in the school playground. My husband couldn't help laughing, and says I am being silly to fuss over this incident, but it really upset me. What do you think?"

I am more inclined to agree with your point of view: while not too much drama should be attached to discouraging of the use of bad language, discouragement there should certainly be, otherwise your son will tend to regard it in the light of a Cute Saying, and probably trot it out in front of Grandma. Without making an issue of it, I think you should quietly remark that the word he used is nasty slang, and no more employed in polite conversation than the discussion of one's visits to the lavatory.

★ Writes Miss J.C. of Bulawayo: My boyfriend has invited me to his firm's dinner-dance. I want to wear something trendy yet not too way-out, but am stuck for a good idea. I make my own clothes, by the way. Midis don't suit me, and I'm not the glitter-frills type.

I've written to you privately, Miss J.C., since by the time this is published, your dinner-dance will have been over long since. One of the smartest outfits I saw at a recent ball was a floor length gilet and bell-bottomed trousers in—believe it or not—curtaining material: a pattern of blues and greens. The sleeveless gilet topped a long-sleeved chiffon blouse in turquoise, and also semi-concealed the trousers. It all looked extremely elegant.

Another thought is to make yourself a maxi-length Victorian dress: if you can't find a suitable pattern, lengthen one of the very attractive leg o'mutton sleeved styles with short skirts which are available in Simplicity, Butterick and McCalls patterns. Make up the dress either in a granny print or a floaty pastel Tetron (very reasonably priced, this), and make yourself a toning velvet choker.

★ Just how far can one go vis-a-vis male cosmetics? asks "Feeling Groovy". One reads these horrific tales about men being evicted from Rhodesian restaurants for the sole reason that their jackets don't match their trousers; one wonders if the same thing would happen to any bloke brave enough to be wearing his false eyelashes!

I asked Meikles Hotel to comment, "Groovy", and a spokesman replied that no peacock-painted chap would be barred from the dining room—in fact, said he, it would give them all a bit of a laugh. So now you know what to do if you're ever in a last-minute flap and have to choose between putting on a tie and powdering your nose. Seriously, male cosmetics are big business overseas these days: most of the trend-setters, including Tony Armstrong Jones and Lord Litchfield, are firm believers in gilding the gingerbread. Moisturizers (sound idea actually, to prevent premature wrinkling), astringents, foundation creams and lotions, highlighters, rouge powder hair lacquer (also a good idea judging from the number of men I know who covertly cadge from their wives); . . . yes, and even loads of lashes are all replacing the lone bottle of after-shave on the bathroom shelf. No wonder they're turning to handbags: any dolly can tell you how much material you need to tote for that lunch-hour touch-up. It took so long for our Neanderthally masculine males here to even consider the wilder shores of after-shave, deodorants and coloured shirts that I can't foresee in our lifetime the day when one will be able to cut down on the budget by sharing lipsticks with one's husband—but I think that skincare should be part of any self-respecting, self-confident male's preservation programme.



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*Rhodesia's war against terrorism*





**LESLIE'S CROWNING GLORY:** Les Andrew is in charge of the Railway lost property office at London's Waterloo Station, and for a few days recently he was able to manifest his supremacy by wearing a crown. The gem-encrusted coronet and a sword were left on a train in Kent by someone who was obviously in a right royal hurry. Les doesn't think that the jewels on the crown are real . . . but it all makes a nice change from the hundreds of bowler hats and umbrellas which usually crowd his domain.

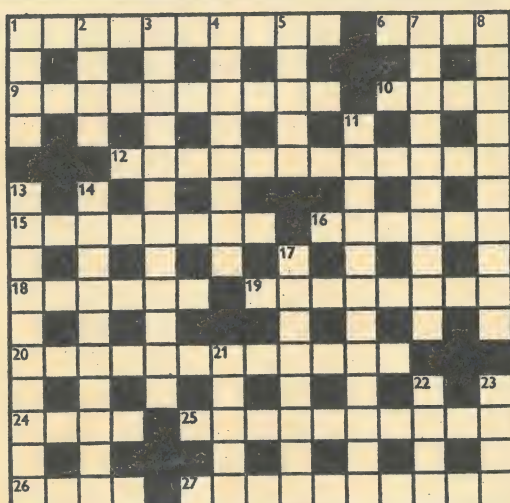
## PUZZLE FOR EXPERTS

### ACROSS

1. I'm in between the fish and the loch — that's a bonny quality (10).
6. Mirrored in simian fashion (4).
9. Rotten from plenty — a poor precedent (3, 7).
10. Osiris's river friend (4).
12. He plays to a reptilian gallery (5-7).
15. Arab opal is a curvey piece (8).
16. Stays around for the Battle of the Bulge (6).
18. I head the rondo, and remain within (6).
19. Caliban's magical master (8).
20. Ma's grand bash is an obvious piece of thievery (5-3-4).
24. State a greeting between nothings (4).
25. "Most . . . is feigning, most loving mere folly" (As You Like It) (10).
26. Pungent dynasty (4).
27. Presumably, one retires to them through the Pearly Gates. Altogether a fishy business (6, 4).

### DOWN

1. All square after raised to the third power (4).
2. Reverse the United Nations act (4).
3. Pugilists under canvas, not fighting Generals (6, 2).



4. Fool—without much feeling in his head? (8).
5. Alic's old French law wouldn't appeal to Women's Lib. (5).
7. Leave the assembly, but gain approval (4, 6).
8. Ices on dirt—that's proverbially better than bravery (10).
11. Biblical way to Heaven—but only dreamt of (6, 6).
13. Bad loser ruins the game (5-5).
14. Ceremonially speaking, you get there by degrees (10).
17. Little father and a mixed magnet are all of a piece (8).
22. The second person is old fashioned (4).
23. Work around the soup (4).

### SOLUTION

Across: 1. Chubbiness; 6. Ape; 9. Bad example; 10. Ists; 12. Snake-charmer; 15. Parabola; 16. Corset; 18. Friend; 19. Prospero; 20. Smash-and-grab; 24. Ohio; 25. Friendship; 26. Tang; 27. Oyster beds.  
Down: 1. Cube; 2. Undo; 3. Boxing booths; 4. Numb- Jacob's Ladder; 13. Spot-sport; 14. Graduation; 17. Fragment; 22. Thee; 23. Opus.

### Across

1. Cheeky courage (5); 4. Foreign, and out of the ordinary (7); 7. Completely silent (9); 9. Recounting something effective (7); 11. happen again (5); 12. Laos as well (4); 14. Healthy, wealthy and . . . (4); 15. Stroke the animal (3); 16. Pertaining to dogs (6); 17. Stop work violently? (6); 20. The ones who run a company, or the way it's run (10); 22. A feeling you get when I across is deadened (8); 23. Nothing leads the writer, and it's anything but closed (4).

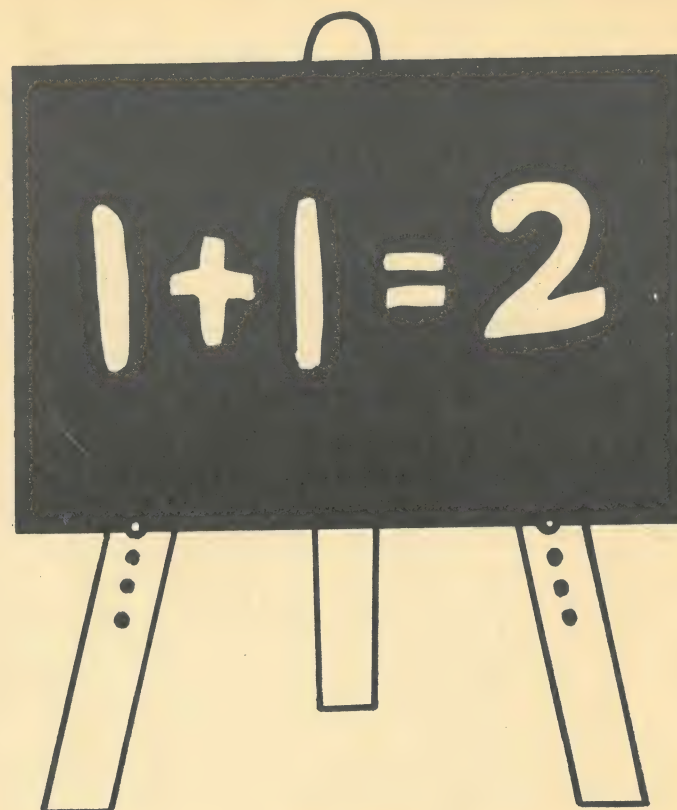
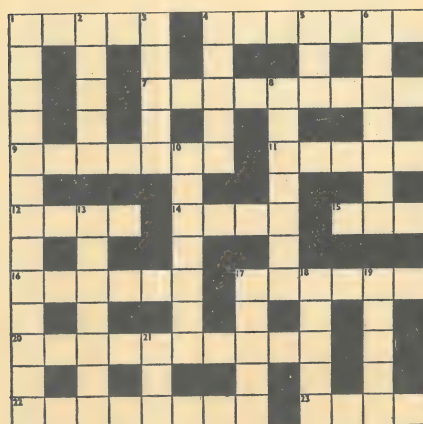
### Down

1. He guards after dark (5-8); 2. Leper is mixed up, but he still tends to do this (5); 3. Tired boredom, according to the French (5); 4. Be up to date in the playground (5); 5. Fall sick (3); 6. To make one is to show your appreciation (7); 8. "The importance of Being . . ." (7); 10. Now here, but with a slight change it isn't any place (7); 13. Word meaning the same thing (7); 17. Richard Hannay looked for 39 of them (5); 18. Proportion (5); 19. Mac's sharp nickname (5); 21. Alcoholic trap (3).

### Solution

Across: 1. Nerve; 4. Strange; 7. Noiseless; 9. Tell; 11. Recur; 12. Also; 14. Wise; 15. Pet; 16. Canine; 17. Strike; 20. Management; 22. Numbness; 23. Open.  
Down: 1. Night-watchman; 2. Repel; 3. Ennu; 4. Swing; 5. All; 6. Gesture; 8. Earnest; 10. Nowhere; 13. Synonym; 17. Steps; 18. Ratio; 19. Knife; 21. Gin.

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14th January, 1971



ILLUSTRATED LIFE RHODESIA PRESENTS

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- FIVE PICTURES will be published on this page in every alternate issue of ILLUSTRATED LIFE RHODESIA.
- THE PICTURES will show one or more features (mouth, nose, eyes, etc.) belonging to well-known local or international personalities—politicians, sportsmen, film stars, and so forth.
- IF YOU CAN RECOGNISE the personalities, write their names down (in the right order) and send them in to: RTE Jackpot Competition No. 7, P.O. Box 2931, Salisbury, together with your name and address and a cutting of the trade mark from the top of a Tanganda Tea Bag box (or a facsimile thereof).
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- IF NO CORRECT ENTRY is submitted, an extra \$15 will be added to the kitty, and RTE JACKPOT COMPETITION No. 8, which will appear on this page in our issue of FEBRUARY 11th, will offer you a jackpot prize totalling \$115.
- THE RTE JACKPOT COMPETITION is open to Rhodesian residents only. Employees of Rhodesia Tea Estates Ltd., and its associate companies, of the Graham Publishing Company (Pvt.) Ltd., and of Mardon Printers (Pvt.) Ltd., are not eligible to enter.

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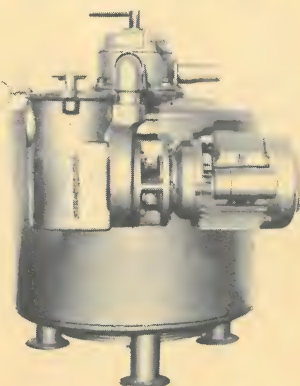
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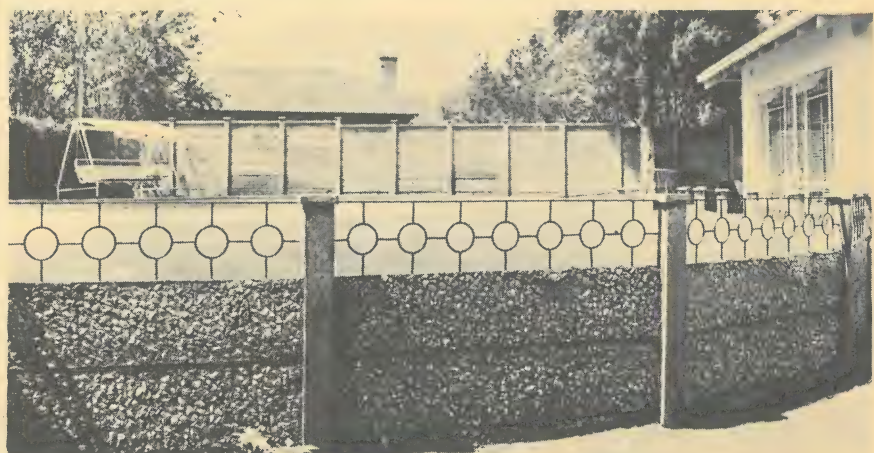
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# PHOTO REVIEW



**DIAMOND FEVER:** What will probably prove to be the last great diamond rush in South Africa's history took place recently in the Transvaal's Zwartvaal area. Diamonds worth about \$30 000 had been discovered on a farm; the race for claims was run in strict conformity with the rules laid down during the great 19th century rushes. Dr. Karel de Wet, South Africa's Minister of Mines, drew names out of a box. The lucky 167 diggers hared off; the first away being the oldest competitor, 79-year-old Mr. H. B. Bester. All the diggers had inspected the lie of the land before the race, and most knew exactly where they were headed. Despite driving rain, thousands watched the prospector derby. Above left: the oldest digger in the race—79-year-old Mr. H. B. Bester sits beside his claim. Above right: Veterans of many long-forgotten diamond rushes watch the start. Left: More old-timers spy out the land the day before: somewhere in this vast acreage there may be a fortune in diamonds. The art lies in picking the right spot. Right: Young compete with the old for the best claims. The whistle has blown and they're off.



**THE \$678 000 HORIZON:** For this family, a world record win of \$678 000 on the football pools has brought an unwelcome guest to their Berkshire, England, home: fear. The X's, who insist on anonymity, feel that any publicity might impair the health of Mrs. X's father, who has a serious heart condition. Says Mrs. X: "We are worried for ourselves, too. There's our boy and girl . . . could they be kidnapped? Will their schoolmates treat them differently?" The money has been banked, and the only purchases have been a new midi outfit for Mrs. X, and the ordering of a new car. Life is going on "almost normally", say the X's. "The children know something has happened. But all it has meant to them for the moment has been a slightly bigger toy for Christmas."



**POWELL IN THE PULPIT:** Controversial British MP Enoch Powell turned preacher recently when he was asked to address a multi-racial audience in the Church of St. Mary LeBow, London, on his immigration opinions, during a lunchtime dialogue.



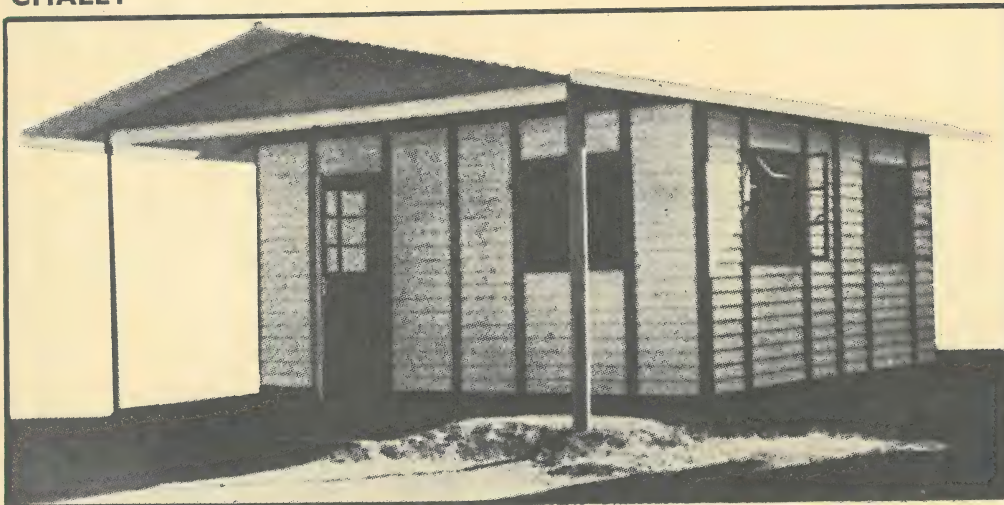
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# PHOTOREVIEW

## THE LEGLESS MAJOR.

In Greece, 53-year-old Major Gikes Tripos is a hero, as famous as air ace Douglas Bader is in England—and for the same reason. Both men lost both legs in battles; both were courageous and determined enough to scorn all thought of wheelchairs, and to carry on living almost as if they were still on their own two feet. But while Bader has artificial legs and feet, the Greek Major marches on parade on nothing more than two wooden stumps. During the Greek-Italian war of 1940-41, he took an active part in the battle of Albania, once disarming and arresting 105 Italian Centurions. On the same battlefield, his legs were so badly wounded they had to be amputated. Nowadays he is a reservist in the Army; holds two medals for bravery, and even joins in folk dances on festive occasions.



## SEQUEL TO THE GREAT BLACK-OUT.

A recent David Frost television show erupted as farmer John Meldicott (right) tries to settle an argument with his fists. Mr. Meldicott was venting the feelings of a whole lot of people, for the object of his rage was electrician Thomas Diss (pictured below), one of the power station workers involved in the work-to-rule which affected every home and office in Britain. It wasn't the first time he'd staged a tangible protest against the power men. After losing 500 battery hens because of electricity cuts, he went and sprayed six tons of chicken manure over his local electricity substation. He was then invited on to TV for a discussion with men from the power union. He got annoyed and swung a punch (top picture) at Mr. Diss.



**UNWELCOME DEBUT.** An angry British father demanded last month that a sex scene should be cut out of a new film. For the scene—in "The Devils"—shows his 14-year-old schoolboy son, Balfour Sharp (pictured) grappling in bed with a naked "nun". Balfour's father, factory worker Victor Sharp, 49, of Glasgow, said: "I won't stand for it. I will not have my boy involved in this smut. He's a good, clean-living lad". The film is about promiscuous nuns in 17th Century France. It stars Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed, and has been filmed behind locked doors by controversial film director Ken Russell at Pinewood Studios. Balfour, who attends a school for child actors in London, described the scene to reporters. After it was shot, he said, he and another boy were told to leave the studio "because they were going to do something we weren't allowed to watch." A spokesman for Equity, the actors' union, said: "I have not heard anything about this scene. But there have been a lot of disturbing stories about the film."



## HALOES' FOR HELL'S ANGELS.

The Christmas spirit hit the ton-up boys last month; these leather-clad, helmeted teenagers deserted their motorbikes for a day to play Santa to 35 London orphans. They laid on a party with film shows, games, dancing, and a Father Christmas.



# THE BATTLE FOR RHODESIA

For the first time since the war started the terrorist organisations threaten to present a united front. **PETER MARTIN** reports.  
(Pictures by Ministry of Information.)

**A**S WARS GO, Rhodesia's battle in the Zambezi Valley is a mild affair. Over the past five years, only about 150 African nationalists have died here, for the loss of fifteen defenders killed. The Americans would consider that a very low 24-hour total.

But there are signs that the action might soon move into a new and dangerous phase. Both sides know it.

For the Rhodesians, one of the most efficient armies in Africa is being strengthened to meet a renewed threat.

On the guerilla front, rival banned African nationalist groups are seriously discussing uniting under the blanket of Communist Chinese military aid. This would mean combined guerilla operations by the banned ZAPU/ZANU, instead of the present fragmented infiltration campaign.

If it happens, the new phase might begin one year from now: the middle of the rains, when the Zambezi Valley steams in 100° temperatures, the persistent tsetse flies sting and suck: where the sun heats the rims of spectacles and burns the metal into the cheek, and the tell-tale figure-eight pattern of the boots of terrorists becomes difficult to follow or gets washed away.

This year, bands of infiltrators will cross from Zambia, taking advantage of the rains, laden with sophisticated and deadly equipment. The weapons they carry include the SKS Simonov carbine, the AK 47 which is the stock weapon of Communist forces throughout the world and has an effective range of about 800 yards, and the RPD light machine gun. (Similar weapons are used by the Viet Cong and, according to reports, are highly prized by American troops who have been known to pick them up and use them in preference to their own arms).

The Rhodesian military command does not underestimate the freedom fighters. Military sources here say they anticipate that better trained and more determined guerilla bands will in future leave the Zambian staging camps for the border.

The army is busy planning for the new phase. President Clifford Dupont gave a hint of this when he announced in Parliament last year that his Government intended to "strengthen the effectiveness of the armed forces so that they will continue to be in a position to meet any threat that may be posed against Rhodesia's territorial integrity."

**C**URIOSLY, the latest threat is being engineered from inside Rhodesia. After secret negotiations between the Gonakudzingwa camp near the border with Mozambique, and Salisbury Prison, Rhodesia's rival nationalist "leaders" have decided to forget their differences and form a new political organisation. I understand that, for the sake of unity, both men will stand down from the leadership in favour of a third nationalist—also in detention!—who they feel will be acceptable to both sides.

As far as Rhodesia's internal politics are concerned, this united front will make little practical difference. The leading nationalists are under arrest: presumably they will remain so for a long time.

But their objective is not to form a new flag-waving organisation for Rhodesian Africans. Instead, they want to influence their colleagues in Lusaka, Dar-es-Salaam and London: to try and persuade these people to bury the hatchet and consolidate their military efforts to end white rule.

This plan has already hit troubled waters. The ZAPU organisation in exile immediately split into pro- and anti-unity factions.

Last month, Acting President James Chikerema labelled his Publicity Secretary George Silundika "a professional reactionary" after the latter denied the unity reports. Mr. Chikerema said they were quite true, and that despite opposition from "a small band of dissidents" he would continue negotiations with ZANU chairman, Herbert Chitepo.

On the ZANU side, Mr. Tasiyamu Mutizwa, the publicity secretary, said that Mr. Chitepo had authorised him to confirm that unity discussions had begun, although detailed proposals remained to be agreed on.

There's no doubt that all efforts at reconciliation will have the enthusiastic backing of President Kenneth Kaunda and of the Organisation for African Unity.

In 1965, the OAU bid to reconcile the banned nationalist parties ended in deadlock following ZAPU's refusal to make concessions.

A six-nation sub-committee, set up as "nationalist peacemakers", reported that ZAPU would settle for nothing less than the total dissolution of the rival party.

On its side, however, ZANU indicated willingness to join forces, as long as this was not under the old leadership.





Their numbers are likely to grow. South Africa is prepared for this. In October, the acting officer commanding the military base at Walvis Bay estimated that 40 000 fully-armed terrorists were waiting to attack South Africa and South-West Africa.

He said these men were being trained in 13 camps in Tanzania and 23 in Zambia. Their numbers were increasing by 500 a month, and a further 8 000 were waiting to go into training.

The Rhodesian guerilla operation runs on a smaller scale—probably at about ten per cent of the South African estimate.

**Z**APU, ZANU and the South-West Africa People's Organisation (SWAPO) have established camps on isolated African-owned farms in some of Zambia's thickest bush.

Trained terrorists are transported by lorry from Tanzania to the farms, where they await orders to cross the Zambezi.

The camps are constantly moved to avoid embarrassing the Zambian Government—and to try and keep ahead of the efficient informer network operated by the white governments.

The movements of terrorists in Zambia are controlled by the Liberation Centre, the Lusaka Headquarters for guerilla organisations. The Liberation Centre also liaises with the Dar-es-Salaam terrorist branches and channels recruits for training.

When a batch of terrorists is due to be sent from Dar-es-Salaam to Lusaka, the nationalist organisation concerned receives a telephone call giving details of the arrival.

The guerillas are sent in by the truckload, and are housed at camps usually within fairly easy reach of Lusaka.

ZAPU and ZANU have a number of camps at their disposal:

- At Dube's Farm, about 20 miles from Lusaka on the King Edward Road.
- In the Chungu River Valley, about 16 miles North-west of Lusaka.
- On the Bothasrust Road, 22 miles south-west of Lusaka.
- Off the Broken Hill Road, at Kudus Ranch, 43 miles from Lusaka.
- Below the new Kafue Dam site, 20 miles from the Kafue Bridge and about 55 miles from Lusaka.
- In the Mkushi area, about 115 miles north-west of Lusaka.
- About 20 miles from Livingstone, and only two miles from the Zambezi River border.

#### GUN BATTLES IN SUBURBIA

**F**OR the Zambian Government, the presence of Rhodesian terrorists has been an embarrassment. ZAPU/ZANU rivalry has occasionally flared into outright violence, with gun battles in the suburbs. In addition, ZAPU's recruiting methods sometimes leave much to be desired: a landrover pulls up outside a house, some strong-arm men enter a house and the usually reluctant resident—a Rhodesian—has his hands tied and is bundled into the vehicle and driven away. In some cases he is never seen again. The nationalists don't seem able to take 'No' for an answer.

In the Salisbury Magistrate's Court two years ago, a terrorist took off his shirt to show the weal marks across his back left by beatings he said he

received nearly a year before from nationalists in Lusaka.

A Rhodesian policeman told that court that the beating was so severe "that I imagine he will bear the scars for the rest of his life."

The official Zambian attitude is that the country, with its small population of four million, undeveloped roads and 290 000 square miles, could not control the activities of guerillas passing through its borders.

President Kaunda added: "If it were possible, we might as well have controlled the bombing of villages by the Portuguese. We might as well have controlled the violation of Zambian territory by Rhodesians and at times by South Africans."

There could be a grain of truth in this; but at the same time, Zambian security men must know the sites of every guerilla training camp, and if they wished, could organise a round-up.

However, President Kaunda has so far contented himself with taking mild action against those nationalists—principally ZAPU men—who, by kidnapping and beating their fellow-countrymen, publicly abuse the fundamental rights guaranteed in the Zambian constitution and, in the process, attract a great deal of unfavourable publicity.

#### TIGHTER TERRORIST CONTROL

Last July, Zambia took a further step towards tightening control of terrorist organisations and refugees who, over the years, have vested themselves with a kind of immunity from authority.

A new Refugee (Control) Act introduced sweeping powers over aliens. It provided for the setting up of refugee immigration posts to keep track of numbers, compulsory registration and issue of special identity cards, and the regulation of the movements of refugees.

The nationalists also maintain offices outside Zambia and Tanzania. Much of the planning for guerilla infiltrations is carried out from an office over a betting shop in London's West End. The office, in Rathbone Street, off Tottenham Court Road, is headed by Oliver Tambo (52), a former Johannesburg lawyer who fled from South Africa about ten years ago.

Political observers feel that the anti-unity ZAPU faction will attract the support of the Russians, but nevertheless will be weak. On the other hand, the combined nationalist body, with Chinese backing, would become a force to be reckoned with.

ZANU men in exile do not hide their links with China, which go back to their leader's original visit to Peking seven years ago. This affiliation pleases many African leaders, who remember clearly the day the Russians sent their tanks into Prague, and caused Kaunda to say: "May God help the Czech people to fight against Russian imperialism."

If the ZAPU hard-liners maintain their refusal to unite, Kaunda may even consider withdrawing "hospitality" from them and deporting their leaders to Tanzania. This would leave the way clear for the unity men.

For all the failures of the nationalists so far, for all the men who have been press-ganged into guerilla service, beaten and tortured, the fact remains that many infiltrators have been courageous and dedicated fighters, as the first Rhodesian Honours and Awards List bears witness.

Oliver Tambo is acting President-General of the banned African



Rhodesian security forces on field manoeuvres. The 400-mile frontier between Rhodesia and Zambia has been divided into sectors, manned by the RAR, the RLI, the Territorials, the SAS, the BSAP and the South African Police.



Above left: A patrol of African troops of the 1st Battalion, Rhodesia African Rifles. Said one: "It doesn't matter if he is black, white, brown or yellow, if he is an invader I will shoot him. It is my duty as a soldier." Above right: A medical officer serving with security units treats a captured terrorist for a leg wound.



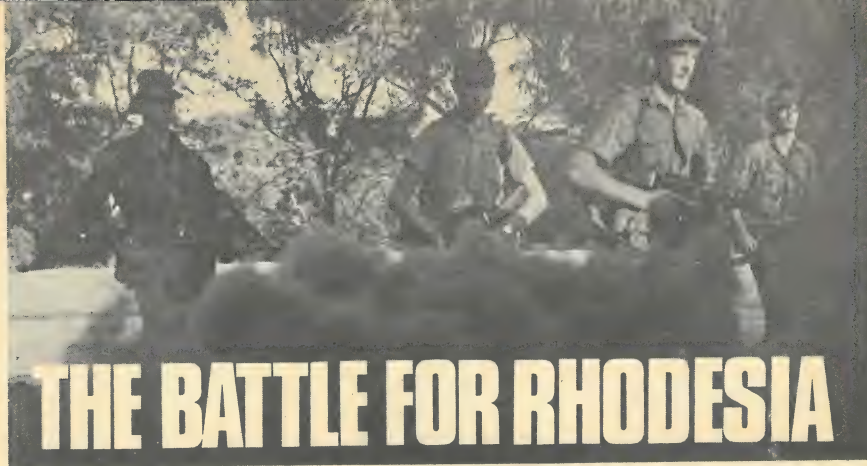
The shabby "Liberation Centre" in Lusaka, from where the terrorist groups are controlled.



Picture above: Firearms and explosives of communist origin captured from terrorists by Rhodesian security forces include, top: an SKS "Simonov" carbine of 7.62mm calibre. Centre: An AK 47 gas-operated automatic assault rifle with a magazine capacity of 30 rounds. Bottom left: MG 25 sub-machine gun of Czech manufacture. Bottom right: Tokarev automatic pistols of Russian design. Picture below left: An RPG 2 rocket launcher (bazooka) with rocket ready to fire. This weapon is reputed to have an accurate range of 150 metres and to be capable of penetrating 6 to 7 inches of armour plate. Picture below right: Chinese makers' markings on an AK 47 automatic gas-operated assault rifle.







National Congress of South Africa, but has close dealings with Rhodesian nationalists. In Britain, 44 organisations support the guerilla campaign—ten of them as full members of the ANC, including the National League of Young Liberals, and the Transport and General Workers' Union.

The activities of Mr. Tambo have a very direct bearing on Rhodesia. Many of the guerilla bands, bound for South Africa, pass through this country. Some of the fiercest fighting in the Zambezi Valley has been against South African nationalists.

**T**HE SUPPORT OF the local population is essential to terrorist success, and they cannot count on this.

And every military defeat they suffer, their chances of winning material black support dwindle. A local commentator said: "Backing the losing side has never been a popular pastime in Africa, and the Congo showed often enough that the flags go out for the strong man on top at any time."

Guerilla bands generally have a hard time. If they set up a base in the Zambezi Valley, they risk being blasted to death by an efficient air force or killed by superbly trained ground forces once their tracks are spotted.

If they attempt a rapid march through the danger area, they must carry packs weighing up to 100 lb. through heat and tortuous country, running the gauntlet of routine Rhodesian patrols.

Then when they get through the military zone, they discover something their instructors in China, Russia, Algeria, Cuba or Tanzania never told them—that the tribesmen are potentially hostile.

The guerillas have money with them to buy support, but even if a villager takes this, there is no guarantee that he will not send a message to the authorities. Penalties for assisting terrorists are severe, and there is reward money to be gained for helping in their capture.

Terrorists have often been arrested by those they thought were their friends—including on one occasion, a capture by a group of schoolchildren.

But the guerilla battle for the hearts and minds of the tribesmen must continue if their campaign is to have any chance of success.

Some terrorists have been sent into Rhodesia not to fight, but to recruit local men and take them back to Zambia for training. Others have been told to "organise" the people and await further instructions.

It is usually a thankless job. No matter how well trained the infiltrators, they have been fed on false propaganda. They expect local support. They find they usually cannot get it. They have been told that areas of Rhodesia have been cleared for them by groups which have crossed ahead. When they find that this is not so, it is a bitter blow.

A Rhodesian commander said: "The propaganda always lets them down eventually."

**T**HE 400-mile boundary between Rhodesia and Zambia is constantly patrolled by security forces. It has been divided into sectors, manned by the RAR, the RLI, the Territorials, the SAS, the BSAP, and the South African police. Tough units all.

Rhodesia's front line of defence, however is the SAS until recently commanded by Major Peter Rich, ex-British army and a veteran of the anti-terrorist campaign in Malaya in the 1950's. (Major "Barney" Bentley is now the unit's O.C.—see Page 21).

The squadron has had close links with the British 22 SAS Regiment and is generally regarded in Rhodesia as the country's elite force. Its reputation has even spread abroad.

Men join the Rhodesian SAS from all parts of the world.

"We've got Yanks, Frenchmen, Belgians, Greeks and British," Major Rich said.

But that's as far as the identifications go. Names are withheld by the authorities for fear of possible action against the men once they leave this country.

Recruits are carefully selected and intensively trained in pursuit, bushcraft, parachuting and unarmed combat. They are efficient and confident. Major Rich said: "I'd back my top six men against any six trackers in the world."

The SAS is based in Salisbury, although it has responsibility for its own Zambezi "sector". But it is also geared to mobilise and parachute into the furthest corner of the country armed with mortars, machine guns, automatic rifles and other weapons, within hours of receiving a terrorist report.

However, the Rhodesian frontier with Zambia is not only patrolled by white men, and the clashes are not exclusively white against black.

A key part in the country's defence is played by the "Black Boots"—the Support Unit of the British South Africa Police. Their nickname comes from the distinctive black leather boots they wear when in full dress uniform. These African men are proud of the specialized security role. They are never involved in routine police work, but patrol the bush, looking for signs of invaders and following their tracks.

They are the only African police unit allowed to bear arms on ceremonial parades.

In another sector, Africans of the Rhodesian African Rifles—a battalion with a high reputation—keep watch for infiltrators.

The men are natural soldiers, with a good sense of humour and the ability to adapt themselves to changing—but always tough—conditions.

Major Nigel Langdale, one of the RAR company commanders said: "They are thoroughly good professional soldiers and their morale is sky-high... we are all Rhodesians—white and African—in this battalion."

One of the African soldiers commented: "It does not matter if he is black, white, brown or yellow. If he is an invader, I will shoot him. It is part of my duty as a soldier."●



# THE

**H**E IS EVERY inch a soldier. Tall — six foot although seems more — well-built, he could be in his late thirties but is in fact just 50.

Major General Keith Coster, I.C.D., O.B.E., Chief of General Staff, General Officer Commanding the Rhodesian Army and one of the key men in this country's preventive war against communist-inspired guerrilla encroachment, is wearing a smart grey suit and modish suede shoes when we meet. But he might just as well be in battledress for all the camouflage civilian dress affords him.

General Coster is a modest man, to the point of self-deprecation, and shies away from personal publicity. He finally consented to this profile because "it wouldn't do the army any harm to be written up. It could do some good. I don't underestimate the value of good public relations."

When he agreed to be interviewed, he suggested in his characteristically unassuming and courteous way that he should come to my office in town—a rare gesture indeed in Rhodesia, where lowly journalistic mahomets must invariably go cap in hand to the mountain.

A quiet man, who does an important, difficult job quietly and well, who rates group efficiency more highly than individual brilliance, who believes in training and experience rather than flair, whose military heroes are men like Slim and Auchinleck rather than talented mavericks like Patton and Wingate. Keith Coster is a professional.

## THE ATHLETE

**B**ORN IN ZULULAND, Keith Coster went to Maritzburg College for his senior schooling and matriculated in 1936. More at home on the sports field than, perhaps, in the classroom, he represented Natal at junior athletics (best time for the mile: 4.41).

"I never wanted to work in an office," he says. "I was always keen on the outdoors. My father was a bank manager and I rather think he hoped I'd follow him there, but I knew it would never do for me."

"When I left school, I thought of joining the Bechuanaland Police, the British South Africa Police, and the South African Army. In the end I chose the army."

"I wanted to go on the officers' course at the South African Military College, but I was too young. So I joined something called the Special Service Battalion—a military unit raised during the Depression, chiefly to create employment during those years. The SSB lasted until the outbreak of war, when it became a combat unit and its name was changed. The pay was a shilling a day. I actually managed to save money."

"What did you spend your money on in 1937?"

"Clothing."

"Natty clothing?"

The General smiles. "No. Just enough to get myself home decently dressed at weekends."

Corporal Coster duly joined the 1938 officers' course, and found himself "completely compatible" with army life. "It was just what I had been looking for."

The course should have taken two years, but in September, 1939, with the outbreak of the Second World War, the fledgling officers were prematurely commissioned. Second-Lieutenant Coster went into the South African Air Force as a pilot and specialist armament officer, charged with training officers and other ranks—gunners, bomb aimers and pilots—in air armament duties. He was stationed at various air stations in South Africa throughout 1940 and '41; met and married Molly Stanley in 1941, and the following year was posted to the North Africa theatre.

He joined Number Five Fighter Squadron, and was shot down in July, 1942.

## TRIAL BY FIRE

**"I** WAS near a place called El Daba, behind the Alamein line—west of El Alamein itself. I was out with my Squadron flying a Tomahawk. At a very low altitude, after chasing some Stukas, I was shot down by a Messerschmidt, and set on fire. I force landed, and set off on foot at a spanking pace, heading for the sea. But then I realised that I was being followed by some Germans in a Volkswagen truck. Of course they pretty soon caught up with me. They said: "For you, the war is over, Kommen zie mit!"

So I went mit. Being slightly wounded, I spent part of the first night in an ambulance—until I was thrown out by a German officer who wanted to sleep in it himself. So I slept on the sand."

Interrogation for three days at a camp "somewhere in the desert" followed: "psychological methods", says the General vaguely.

He was then handed over to the Italians in Tobruk; moved to Benghazi and from thence by sea to Bari via Taranto. He remained in Italy as a prisoner of war until 1943, when he was moved to Germany; first to Moosburg near Munich, then to Stuttgart, and finally into an Air Force P.O.W. camp—the well known Stalag Luft 3 near Sagan.

"Douglas Bader had been there, but he'd been moved out just before I arrived because he was so troublesome. Wing Commander Stanford Tuck, a wellknown fighter pilot, was an inmate, though. Also Bob Braham, a top-scoring night fighter pilot, and Wing Commander Day, the Senior British Officer about whom a book has been written."

The young Captain Coster roomed with Paul Brickhill, author of "The Great Escape" and "The Dam Busters".

At the time Brickhill was writing his first book—the manuscript of which he later smuggled out in a



# PROFESSIONAL

**Army Commander Major-General KEITH COSTER, one of the key figures in Rhodesia's war against terrorism, talks to BEVERLEY WHYTE.**



Early days. Left: Lance-corporal Keith Coster of the Special Service Battalion, 1937. Centre: officer cadet during flying training, 1939. Rudder belongs to a Blenheim. Right: Lieutenant, South African Air Force. Coster spent the last three years of the war in POW camps in Italy and Germany (where he roomed with author Paul Brickhill, and took a part in the Great Escape).



In the Federal Army—"a challenge: It was a small force which grew rapidly". Left: Lieut. Col. Coster inspecting weapons with Brigadier Anderson and Sir Roy Welensky. Right: with Major General J. Anderson on a field exercise.

Keith Coster is a "soldier's soldier", takes a real and personal interest in his troops, has patrolled with active units and, some months ago, made his first parachute jump—into Lake McIlwaine ("I see no point in repeating the experience," he says.)



Responsibility for the conduct of Rhodesia's internal security does not rest with any one man or one service, but is vested in a joint authority of the three services. Picture shows General Coster (then Brigadier), Air Commodore J. H. Deall and Police Commissioner S. Barfoot meeting the Prime Minister.

plaster cast on his arm. Keith Coster suggested "Barbed Horizon" as the title, but Brickhill eventually made a more banal choice: "Escape or Die".

Keith Coster, like thousands of other Allied prisoners, was determined to escape. At Stalag Luft 3 he found himself involved in perhaps the most famous of all attempts.

"It wasn't my first attempt. I'd been involved in two tunnel efforts in Italy, both of which had been abortive.

## BRITISH ROULETTE

In the Great Escape, I was only a minor cog. A tremendous number of people had a part to play in it. We drew cards to choose who would go out. We reckoned to get 200 out, from total camp complement of more than 1,200. I did draw a card, but progress through the tunnel fell behind schedule and only 80 out of the 200 managed to get out. I was one of those who didn't. In the event I was lucky, because of those eighty who were first in the queue, nearly all were captured and fifty were executed by the Germans.

"My duties were 'ferret'-watching: 'ferrets' were a special type of German security guard. On the night in question, we were all locked up in the bungalow from which the Great Escape started . . . waiting for our turn to come. But it never did. The hold-up came about because a couple of the chaps got stuck in the tunnel. Also we'd underestimated the time we needed. Several days later we heard that a number of the escapees had been picked up. But it wasn't the only attempt we made. We were always working on some escape plan.

"Boredom was your biggest enemy in prisoner-of-war camp. You had to sustain morale, keep yourself occupied. I spent a lot of time keeping fit." (he is still a firm believer in physical training). "Running, exercising; I did gym with a chap called Blake who had represented New Zealand at gymnastics, and who took me under his wing.

"Like everyone else, I tried my hand at studying. French and German were the subjects I chose. Comparatively few of us lost our spirit—most remained healthily cheeky.

"There was a lot of contact, fraternisation between the prisoners and the Germans. We had to use them to get supplies, things like radios. It was largely a matter of blackmail: you'd ask the fellow to get you something quite innocent, and repay him with an item from your Red Cross parcel. Then you'd ask him for something more compromising, and if he jibbed, you'd say: 'Ah, but if you don't, I'll tell the Commandant about that tin of coffee.' Yes, the SS did make occasional raids—they would rush in, make a search and so on. They were every bit as beastly as films and books have depicted them."

**B**Y JANUARY, 1945, the Germans were on the run. At Stalag Luft 3, in the icy grasp of mid-winter, the prisoners could hear the

sounds of battle getting closer each day. The Russians were approaching the River Oder.

"At one o'clock one bitterly cold morning, we were told to get up. We set off, pulling sleds with our few belongings on them, across the snow-covered fields in a howling blizzard. We travelled for about 100 kilometres. Then we were entrained in cattle trucks, and moved across Germany from the east to the west. En route, we were regularly attacked by the RAF. We were being used as bargaining counters; the Germans knew that it was all almost over. They regarded us as hostages.

"In April, on my 25th birthday, we were out in the fields moving eastwards. Montgomery's 21st Army Group were approaching we knew. During the first couple of days of May we were bivouacked on a beautiful big estate in Schleswig Holstein. Suddenly, behind us, we saw units of the German Army, withdrawing. An hour later a Daimler scout car with a corporal in charge drove up. The war was over.

"My first reaction was a sense of unbelief. 'Stunned mullet'? Yes, that just about describes it."

Ex-P.O.W. Keith Coster and two friends "went for a walk, looking for a way to England".

They chanced on a deserted airfield just as a Canadian pilot, hopelessly lost, was coming in to land. "We told him where he was, and hitched a lift with him to England, arriving on May 7. We went straight to Brighton, where all returned prisoners of war were being temporarily accommodated. Then there was a tremendous pre-VE night party. It lasted all night."

Does he remember what he did that night?

"Yes," says the General blandly, "but I'd better not tell you about that."

He does recall, however, that he was in "astonishingly good shape—largely because of my concentration on physical fitness". When he came out of POW camp he was at his fighting weight (25 years later, he is only 20 lb. heavier).

## DULLNESS OF PEACETIME

**K**EITH COSTER flew back to South Africa shortly afterwards.

"Now the story becomes more prosaic. I must admit I did find peacetime pretty dull—that did take a little time to get used to. At first I was in Pretoria, still in the Air Force. Then I went on a staff course at Voortrekkerhoogte until 1946. I was offered the post of adjutant at the South African Military College, and accepted gratefully. I'd never intended joining the Air Force—it only came about because of the outbreak of war, and because most of my friends joined that service; so I went with them. Afterwards, I got back to the Army as soon as I could.

"I had an excellent job training the first lot of post-war officer cadets—the 1947 and '48 courses. I thoroughly



## The B.S.A.P. - a patrol officer talks



**"You find yourself in court prosecuting,  
and on the other side  
one of Rhodesia's top lawyers."**

"It's like that in the BSAP. The first few years we're a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, doing a variety of jobs.

"You surprise yourself by learning to ride a horse or prosecuting in court. For the first time in my life I

can speak an African language.

"We're taught unarmed combat and how to fire a gun. I've investigated witchcraft cases and hit-and-run. Spent weeks in the bush on patrol, discussing things like cattle diseases

or other problems with African chiefs. "Now I'm thinking of asking for a go at training for C.I.D. work.

"You know, I don't think I could ever go back to a routine nine-to-five job after working in the Police."



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## THE PROFESSIONAL

enjoyed this; it was very worthwhile work. Sadly, a lot of my cadets were later killed in Korea."

A staff post on the HQ of the Armoured Brigade Group at Potchefstroom followed, until the end of 1951, when the Costers, who now included five-year-old Steven and two-year-old Judy, went to England for the then Major Coster to attend Staff College.

"I enjoyed Camberley—in retrospect. At the time I had to work terribly hard to keep up. On the domestic front, it was our first taste of rationing and servantless house-keeping with small children to look after. Altogether an excellent experience. And of course on the military side, the training was first class."

Then it was back to South Africa, and Military College, as a member of the Directing Staff, teaching tactics and administration. I'd heard that the General is a military history enthusiast, and ask him about this. He says cautiously: "I am fairly interested—particularly in the Anglo-Boer War, largely I suppose because I have seen so many of the battlefields for myself. This way, history comes alive."

Which general, out of both world wars, does he consider to have been the greatest? "Sir William Slim—without a shadow of doubt," he says without hesitation. "He was a first class administrator, and a very determined man. He commanded the war's forgotten army and moulded it into a fine, aggressive force. I admire his sense of humour, his refusal ever to accept defeat. And, of course, the way he looked after his troops and kept their morale at such a high level."

I mention Wingate, and he comments: "He must have been an extremely difficult subordinate. Unconventional people are of value in their own way, but they have to be curbed."

**W**HEN MAJOR KEITH COSTER left the South African Army in 1954 ("I'd been looking around for a change, and Federation seemed to be an expanding, dynamic concern in which I felt I'd like to be involved") he little dreamt that within fourteen years, he would be General Officer Commanding the army of Rhodesia. "I certainly didn't aim that high," he says. "Had the Federation not broken up, I would just have made full colonel by the time of my retirement. And I would have been retired by now. The dissolution of the Federal Army siphoned a lot of people off."

The move from South Africa to the Federation required some adjustment. "There was a looser form of discipline up here, but it was no less effective. A challenge? Very much so. It was not only a smaller army, but one that was growing swiftly; after all, it had come from virtually nothing to four battalions almost overnight, so to speak. It had more regular units than

the South African Army then possessed. What I found especially interesting was that, apart from the Rhodesian personnel I met, a lot of officers were on secondment from the British Army—and it was refreshing to make contact with a new point of view.

"In 1958, I was sent to Zomba to join 2 KAR. This was the most fascinating part of my career, and exactly what I'd been looking for: sound professional soldiering, and the wonderful outdoor life that the country itself offered—riding, shooting, fishing. Soldiering as it used to be, in fact. Unfortunately it didn't last nearly long enough.

Staff jobs followed until 1963, when he became Commandant of the School of Infantry. In 1964 he was appointed to command 2 Brigade and then, later in that year, he became Chief of Staff to Major-General Putterill. Four years afterwards, in October 1968, he took up his present appointment as Chief of General Staff.

**G**ENERAL KEITH COSTER is what one may term a "soldier's soldier". He takes a real and personal interest in his troops, has the ability to make lance corporal and captain alike feel at ease, goes out into the field as often as he can to meet the men. Twice he has patrolled with active units (with the RAR and RLI—"They both treated me very gently," he says).

He also made his first parachute jump some months ago. Did he enjoy it?

"Yes", he says with his customary diplomacy. And adds, "But I see no point in repeating the experience."

It will not be long, less than two years perhaps, before General Coster retires—at an age when most men in other professions have accumulated their experience, consolidated their positions, and are at their most valuable. The Rhodesian army insists on a comparatively early retiring age. Understandably, because this is a young man's army, and a small army in which promotion must be fairly rapid if young officers are to be attracted into the service and encouraged to stay.

Nevertheless, Keith Coster will be a real loss to the armed services of Rhodesia.

What of the future?

He is cagey. "I shall probably retire in Salisbury. Nearer the time I'll decide exactly what I want to do. Perhaps some sort of paper job.

"But not politics. I've been a serviceman for 33 years now, and it's always drummed into servicemen that they have no part to play in politics as such."

As the General rises, I ask a final question: "Did your son ever want to join the army?"

"Never," says his father emphatically. "Although that isn't to say that the service doesn't offer a good career. Perhaps he was over-exposed to it during his childhood. But of course he did do his national service in the Territorial Force."

"Were you GOC at the time?"

"Yes, but I think he managed to live me, down."●



Candid Coster: It will not be long before he retires—at an age when most men in other professions have accumulated their experience, and are at their most valuable.



Lieutenant Nick Fawcett: "During one's first year one expects to meet a terrorist behind every bush. But when it actually happened to me I was completely detached—so busy I hadn't time to study my own reactions. That's one advantage of being O.C." Lieut. Fawcett was awarded the Bronze Cross of Rhodesia for his part in an anti-insurgent engagement.

## THE DEFENDERS

The Rhodesian soldier is in an almost unique position: he is fighting for his own country in his own country. Beverley Whyte talks about the army as a career.

**W**HAT HAS the Army today in Rhodesia to offer the young man? The plain answer is a very great deal. Perhaps nowhere else in the world is he as assured of a stimulating and totally absorbing military career as in this country at the present time. The Rhodesian soldier is in the almost unique position of fighting for his own land on his own soil.

Officer recruiting is a careful, studied technique these days. I spoke to Lt.-Col. J. S. V. Hickman and Major N. Lamprecht about selection techniques.

Said Colonel Hickman: "In the past, we ran a three to four day Officers' Selection Board—a variety of initiative and physical tests designed to provide us in a short time with a rough assessment of each candidate's potential. Though these tests—broadly similar to those the British Army employs—were good, at the end of each officer training course, we found we were still losing almost 50 per cent. Many were not coming up to scratch; some felt the Army was not for them.

### Look Before Leaping

But last year we introduced a new system. Candidates were put through an intensive three-week selection course. This gave a longer period for scrutiny, not only on our part, but on the part of the candidate. In a word, he could have a good look at the Army and decide whether he liked it. Also, the extending of the time limit meant that a much wider range of tests could be set.

"Some candidates, after their first spell, realised they were not cut out for the service—for example, the lad who was most put out to find he was being treated initially like a soldier, and not especially as an officer and a gentleman! On the other hand, the ones who passed and who were happy with Army life were able to move on to their training proper with both sides confident that no time was being wasted. The result: In the last intake only 12½ per cent failed."

So the Army now works to the new schedule: a four-day officers' selection board to sort out the military sheep perhaps not the best of similes! from the goats; followed by this three-week

course in which the emphasis is on the testing of leadership and initiative. There's not much square-bashing—"this tends to put the chaps off"—but rather initiative and adventure training. Basic pay is \$102 a month; not bad emolument for the chance to make up your mind. Rookies aren't hurled holus bolus into the big league scene: map reading and rudimentary knowledge of military subjects are taught to equip them for the three-week obstacle race. And the prize for those who pass the finishing posts? An engagement for a year's officer cadet course at the School of Infantry in Gwelo. Studies include current affairs, military history and all the usual military subjects.

The majority of fledgling officers are posted into the corps of infantry, and see their four years' initial service with either the RAR or RLI, though there are openings in Engineers, Signals and Service Corps. The new 2nd Lieutenant receives a starting salary in the region of \$179 a month, and a \$300 initial grant with which to buy kit. Mess fees are 50c a day (and Army food is a far cry from the baked beans and bully beef of Dad's day.) Medical and dental care are completely free, so there's plenty of pocket money left over—not that the high-living "subbies" have any difficulty in disposing of it.

### Case History

**I**SPOKE to Lieutenant Nicholas ("Nick") Fawcett, B.C.R., Adjutant 1 RLI, about his Army career. 23-year-old Nick, whose father was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Indian Army, came to Rhodesia with his family in 1948.

"I originally thought I'd be a civil engineer, but when I was 14, my brother asked me what I was going to do once I left school, and I answered straightaway: 'I'm going to join the Army.' I don't know quite why... but the idea stuck with me after that."

After he finished at Peterhouse, Nick did his four and a half months' National Service—"perhaps not the most encouraging experience for a would-be soldier. But it didn't deter me!"

After passing the officer's selection board, he went on to the School of



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## THE DEFENDERS

Infantry at Gwelo. "My lasting impressions were those of the first term: I much enjoyed the physical side. It was terrific to get up early, go on a six-mile run, and get back feeling on top of the world. Looking back, I think it was the best ten months of my life."

Nick chose the RLI, and joined the battalion in January 1967 as a Troop Commander.

How did it feel, at 21, to be faced with the command of 20 or so men?

"I was apprehensive, of course, but when I actually got there, it wasn't nearly so bad as I had imagined. I walked into the barrack room, and met them; chatted and put across what I expected and hoped of the troop. And left it at that. There was no embarrassment, no awkwardness, from then on. I couldn't understand what I'd been worried about.

### Under Fire

"Active service? Of course, during one's first year, one expects to meet a terrorist behind every bush. But when it actually happened to me I was completely detached—so busy I hadn't time to study my own reactions. That's one advantage of being the OC!

"We'd had a series of wild goose chases, and were heartily sick of it. We were longing to get to grips. When we did, it felt good; there was a sense of relief and achievement—hardly any fear at all. We came across the terrorists after following them for one and a half days on their tracks, making contact at about 1.30 p.m. on the afternoon of the second day. They were in some old prospectors' trenches on the side of a gully. Luckily we spotted them before they saw us, so I had a chance to deploy the troop before we opened fire.

"Then all hell was let loose. It lasted about 45 minutes. I wasn't able to control one of my section by radio, so I had to shout. Every time one of us opened his mouth, he got a burst of fire from the terrorists. Our only cover was the grass we were lying in."

Adds Nick with characteristic understatement: "It was rather worrying."

He received the Bronze Cross of Rhodesia — roughly equivalent to Britain's Military Cross—for his part in this engagement, but says "I have my 'troopies' to thank for that. I put some of my chaps up for awards, but never dreamt I'd get anything myself."

Today Nick is Adjutant at the RLI, Cranborne Barracks, Salisbury. He says that the variety of Army life appeals to him most: "The advantage of an Army career is that you may be given a desk job for a time, but eventually you'll be back in the field again. In the meantime, there are always exercises out in the bush, weapon demonstrations, and tests of various kinds cropping up to relieve daily routine."

His present job involves a certain amount of public relations, plus much work on the manpower side.

Social life? "Parties . . . plenty of those! Excellent sporting facilities; I play squash, hockey and tennis. Cricket, rugby, football and swimming are all there too. We've also got a baseball pitch. Oh, and there's a Free-

fall Club for skydivers, and a flitted-out gym complete with steam bath."

**N**OT SURPRISINGLY, applications to join the Rhodesian Army are received from all over the world. Major Lamprecht's letterbag has contained letters from Finland, Iceland, most of the European countries including, surprisingly, Yugoslavia; Brazil and America. Applications aren't restricted to letters, either. Among the 'phone calls which Major Lamprecht has received have been one from an American in Tokyo, and one from Austria, which was followed up by the eager applicant arriving in person on the Recruiting Officer's doorstep two days later!

Promotion for the young officer is relatively speedy. A 2nd Lieutenant is made up to full Lieutenant after two and a half years. Thereafter a minimum of two years must pass before he can expect to go up to acting captain, and subject to his having passed his promotion examinations, he can be promoted to full captain once he has been a lieutenant for four years. Similarly, he can then rise to major in as little as four years. "Further courses throughout the officer's career," says Colonel Hickman, "are all geared to furthering his military knowledge and promotion prospects. Specialist courses — in armaments or demolition, for example — are readily available."

Another extremely popular scheme is the one which puts three Army candidates a year forward for graduate training, generally at the University College of Rhodesia, but other universities may be nominated.

On the whole, the degree is a matter of personal choice, though naturally graduates with science degrees are bound to be of more immediate value to the Army. All expenses are paid, and the student officer receives his full salary throughout his years at University. Medical students either proposing to take a medical degree or currently studying medicine may at any time during their studies apply to join the Medical Cadet Scheme whereby the cadet attests in the Army and is paid whilst at University. The only condition is four-years' post-graduate service with the Army.



**SAS commander Major Barney Bentley** — "It's a twilight war we're fighting. The civilians are at peace, the army at war. Sometimes it's difficult for a young soldier to adjust."

**S**POKE to Major A. B. R. M. ("Barney") Bentley, who, at 29, is officer commanding the Special Air Services, and yet he has an honours BSc economics degree beneath his belt.

Barney Bentley was born and brought up in Rhodesia; joined the Army in 1960, and was sent over to Sandhurst, which course was followed by tutelage in arms and tactics at

Hythe and Warminster respectively. On his return to Rhodesia, he joined the RAR, where he remained until the end of 1963, when he was posted to the Special Air Services soon after the arrival of the SAS from Northern Rhodesia on the break-up of Federation. In 1966 he was accepted as an Army candidate for graduate training at the University of Rhodesia.

How did it feel, going back to school at 25?

"The first six months were hell," says Barney frankly. "I couldn't understand the questions, let alone apply myself to reading the books! The most difficult thing was disciplining myself to working on my own — especially after living such an active army life. But once I managed to direct myself, it all fell into place . . . I became fascinated. On reflection, I can see that it was one of the best things that has ever happened to me."

What made him choose that degree specifically?

"I had a look at all the degrees, and by a process of elimination, arrived at the BSc economics. I felt that it would be so broadly based that it would not only make me of more value to the Army, but enrich my own life.

"The results? Without question, it has helped me to think on a far more sweeping level: given me an acute understanding of military and other problems on a larger scale than I would ever have thought possible . . . an insight into so many things.

### Human Studies

"I'm often asked what value a university degree really is to an Army officer. This can only be answered by probing one's own attitude to education. What does one expect of it? True, relatively few degrees can apply directly to a military career, but I don't think that any form of education in any career is ever wasted. And since the Army is a social organisation, and ipso facto its calibre derives from the society from which it springs, a degree which studies social systems and the effects of environment can only assist one in the Army. Any form of education which helps one to understand men, their problems, the problems inherent in any organisation, can only be of great benefit. The Army is not an isolated institution: it is an integral part of society, and reflects the values and mores of that society."

What satisfies him most in his Army career?

He considers this for some moments, then says: "The challenge of dealing with men; trying to get the best out of them. People regard the Army as a purely destructive agency. But in its own way it is a creative agency, in that it creates men. I doubt if in any other career there's quite the same reward to be gained from dealing with human beings.

"Singularity of purpose has a lot to do with it. This is a twilight war we're fighting—the civilians are at peace, the Army at war. This dichotomy is sometimes difficult for the young soldier to adjust to. But on the other hand, there is the advantage of strong motivation, particularly noticeable in this unit where, because it is voluntary, everyone is wholeheartedly striving towards the same end: professional perfection, an ideal. I would say it's the most fascinating job in the Army; in any career. Every time you do a parachute drop, it's exciting: in itself a stimulus. If you like adventure, change, mental and physical challenge, this is the life."



**Majors Cole (at viewer), Tarr, Rich study aerial pictures of the Sinola area preparatory to the big move.**

## THE WAR GAMES

**B**EFORE the declaration of independence, the Rhodesian Army was able to send two or three senior officers per year to Camberley Staff College in Britain, on a year's course designed to teach military staff techniques to senior officers — subjects ranging from military management to the theory of nuclear warfare. The break with Britain meant an Army rethink—and the answer was a local Do-it-Yourself course, to last 17 weeks, and tailor-made for Rhodesian military requirements. The first 13 graduates passed out of the recently formed Directorate of Military Studies two months ago, and the unanimous opinion is that the launching of an indigenous staff course has been a highly successful move.

The 12 majors and one senior captain selected came from a varied background — some were staff officers, others were specialist officers from such fields as intelligence, signals and administration. Whilst the emphasis was on teaching efficient military management, guest lecturers included the Prime Minister, the Minister of Defence, Bishop Paul Burrough of Mashonaland, and members of the staff of the University College of Rhodesia. As a finale, the students planned the paper movement of a brigade from Inkomo Garrison to a forward position near Sinoia.



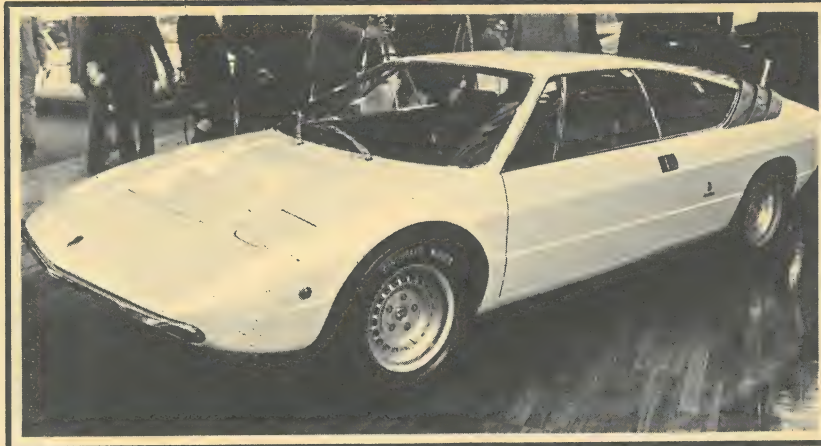
**Above: Lt-Col. Culbert, head of the Rhodesian Directorate of Military Studies, watches Majors Shute and Tarr at work on the logistics of the troop movements. Below: Majors Jackman and Daines processing information in the "Administration Room".**



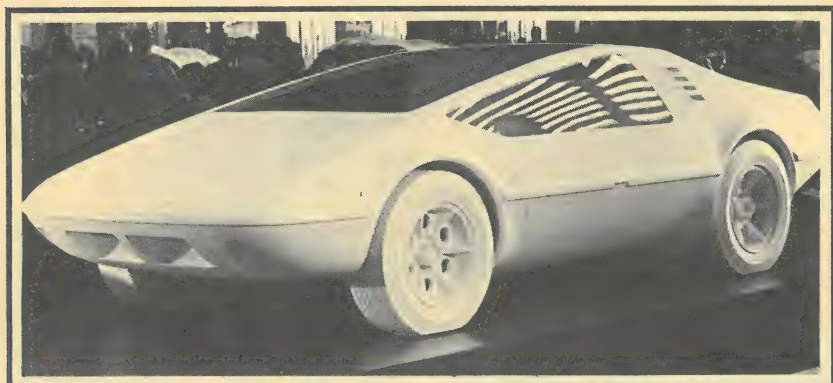




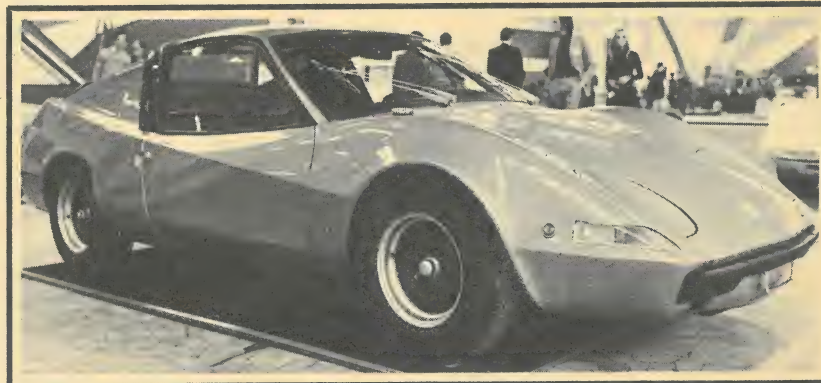
Rear view of the four-seater Lamborghini "Urraco". Roofline is exceptionally low (1.1 metres high). Although 4.24 metres long, it is shorter than the famous Lamborghini Miura by 111 mm.—a notable development when you remember that the Miura is one of the most compact of all two-seater sports cars.



The P250 "Urraco" is the first four-seater sports car to be "mid-engined"—with its crosswise-mounted 2.5 litre engine set in front of the rear axles. The "Urraco" (the name of a well-known breed of Miura fighting bull) is the production car which comes nearest to the projected 'seventies wedge design.



Fiat's design for a wedge-shaped, mid-engined sports car, a stylish model built of gesso plaster. Front view shows the air intakes beneath the nose. The headlamps are retractable, the doors are of the gull-wing type, hinged to the roof.



A new look for Volkswagen—a body, created by Italian Francis Lombardi, to enclose the chassis and engine of the Volkswagen 1600 Beetle. Engine is, following tradition, at the rear, which shows just how adaptable—and therefore how popular—the wedge will be.



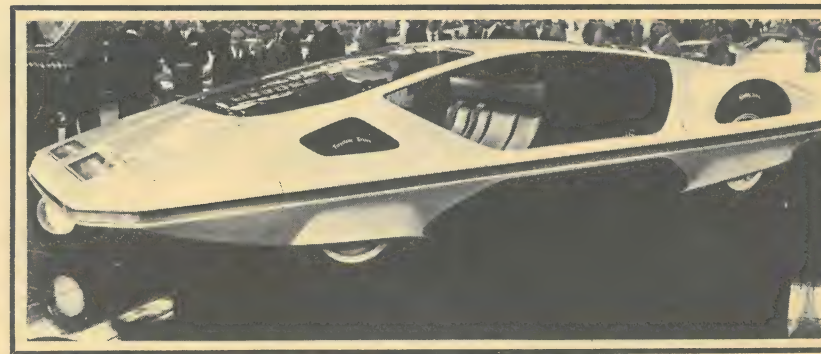
The Bertone "Startos". It's another wedge-profiled car, with a ground clearance of only four inches. The driver and passenger step in through the open windscreen (there is a "doormat" let into the thin end of the wedge). Once seated, the driver pulls the steering wheel into position and this action, through a series of mechanical links, lowers the nearly horizontal windscreen/door over him.



Rear end of the Bertone "Startos". Tail lights are housed in a ring which runs around the rear-end radiator grille. In the front there is a luminous band fed by 10 headlamps, and front and rear indicator lights are made up of a set of lamps which light up in succession from the centre of the car outwards. Of all the cars shown at Turin, the "Stratos" attracted the most interest.

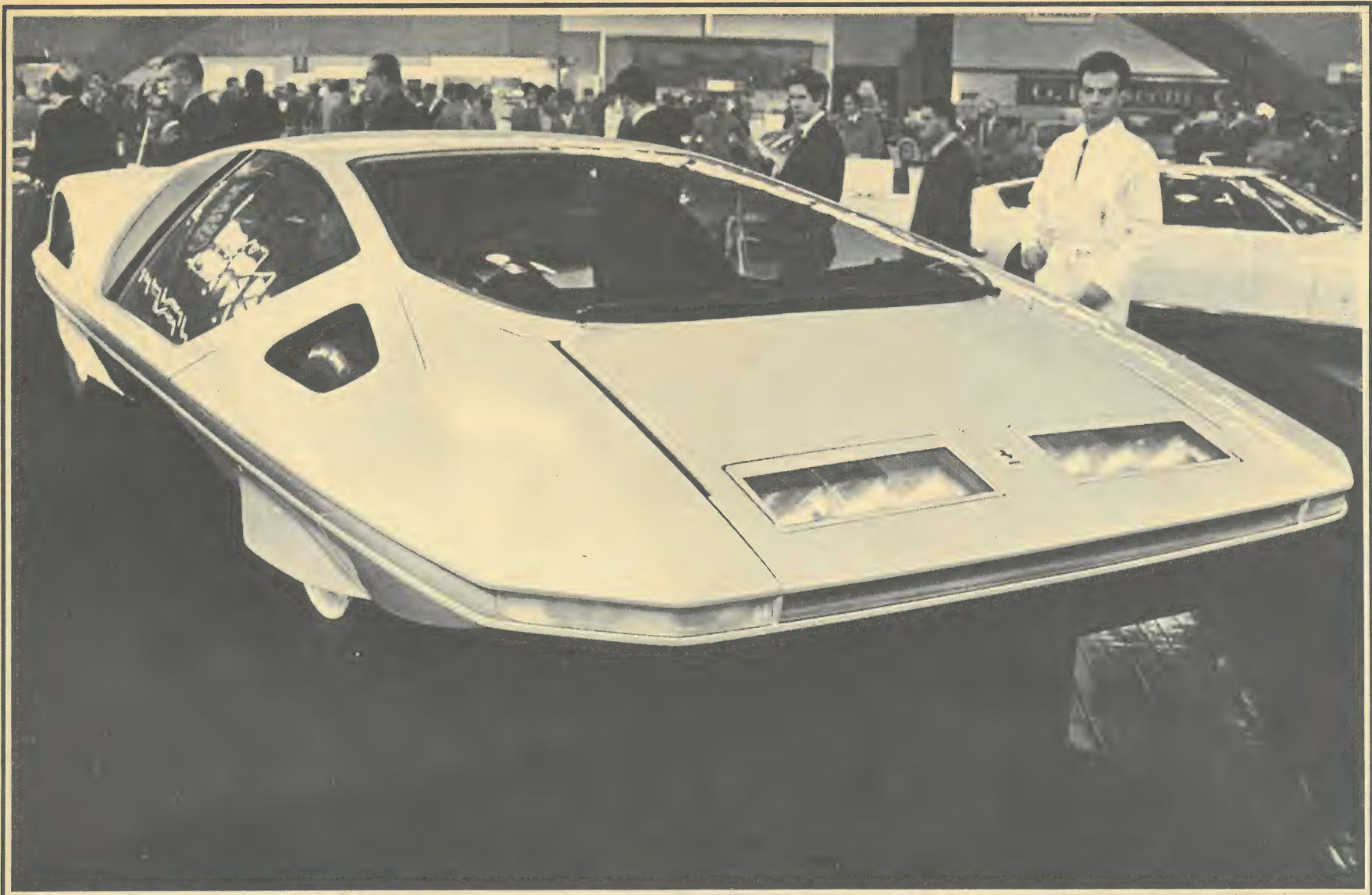


The new, very practical "Deauville" five-seater sports saloon by de Tomaso with a Ghia-designed body. Powered by overhead-camshaft conversion of the V-8 engine, it offers 5 or 5.7 litres, developing 300 or 350 bhp, and a top speed of more than 230 k.p.h. In shape, it is reminiscent of the Jaguar XJ6.



Side view of Pininfarina's "Modula" (see opposite page for more details). Made from two body shells placed one above the other, the top half can easily be changed to convert the saloon to a convertible or coupe.





# BODIES BEAUTIFUL



Top: front view of the long, low "Modulo", showing six headlamps. Designed by Pininfarina on an existing Ferrari chassis, the "Modulo" is made of two body shells, one above the other and separated by a groove which runs around the whole car. Above: passenger compartment of the "Modulo", entered by sliding the glass-and-metal canopy forward. Design of the steering wheel is unique. (See also opposite page).

Once, a car was just a motorised beast of burden. But no longer—with each year that passes it becomes a more delicate work of art. Turin shows the way.

**T**HE TURIN motor show invariably provides a marvellously intriguing foretaste of the car-shapes of the future. The lines of the exotic design exercises of the Italian stylists seem to always turn up in the world's production cars five, six or seven years later. So the examples of the Italian artistry seen at the recent 52nd Italian Motor Show reinforce predictions that it will be mid-engined, wedge-shaped vehicles that will roll from the mass production lines by the mid-seventies.

Every few years an idea generated at Turin permanently changes the style of the motor vehicle on a popular, world-wide scale. Experts are saying that the "wedge" is one of these, basing their prediction on the knowledge that engines are becoming more compact and thus easier to mount amidships—the perfect position if a car is to be perfectly balanced and have the safest handling characteristics.

Biggest point of interest at Turin was undoubtedly the Bertone "Stratos," surely the ultimate in wedge styling, with the driver and passenger in the thin end of the wedge, enclosed in a kind of nose-

cone capsule. The windscreen is almost horizontal, and as it lifts on roof-mounted hinges the whole steering column tilts forward to enable the driver to reach his seat. Once in, he must pull back the column to close the hatch. Access to the 1.6 litre Lancia engine is via an enormous V-shaped grille at the rear, the major styling motif of the car.

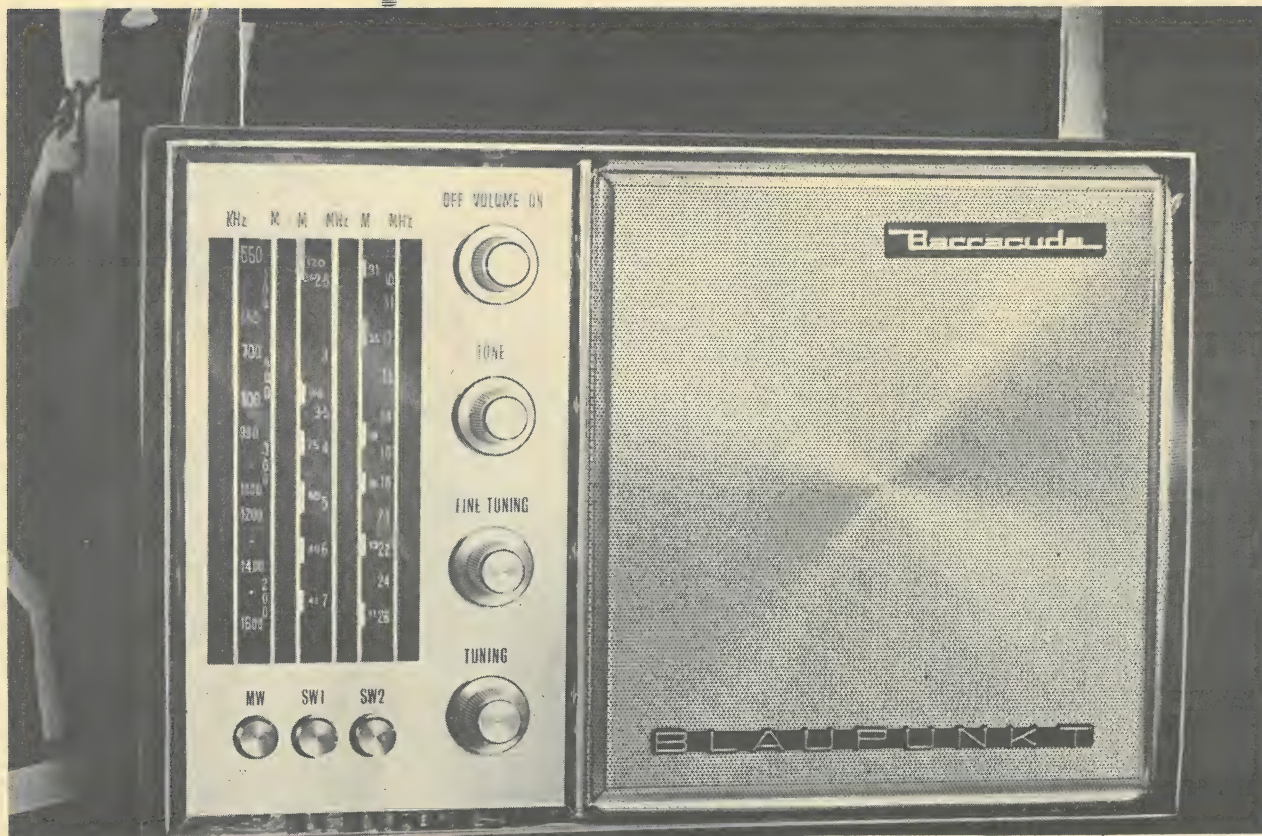
The styling exhibited by Fiat — Italy's largest manufacturer—was a full-scale model of a mid-engined wedge-shaped sports car, constructed in gesso plaster by the Fiat styling department. That Fiat should project a car like this is considered an indication of how strongly mass-market manufacturers are convinced of the trend—by the mid-seventies probably everybody will be driving a wedge.

**P**ININFARINA, responsible in the past twenty years for many new styling lines eventually adopted for mass-market production, say that their futuristic "Modulo" design does not set out to be a sporting, or competition car but "the beginning of a new automobile aesthetic." The very low and slender car is characterised by two body shells placed one on top



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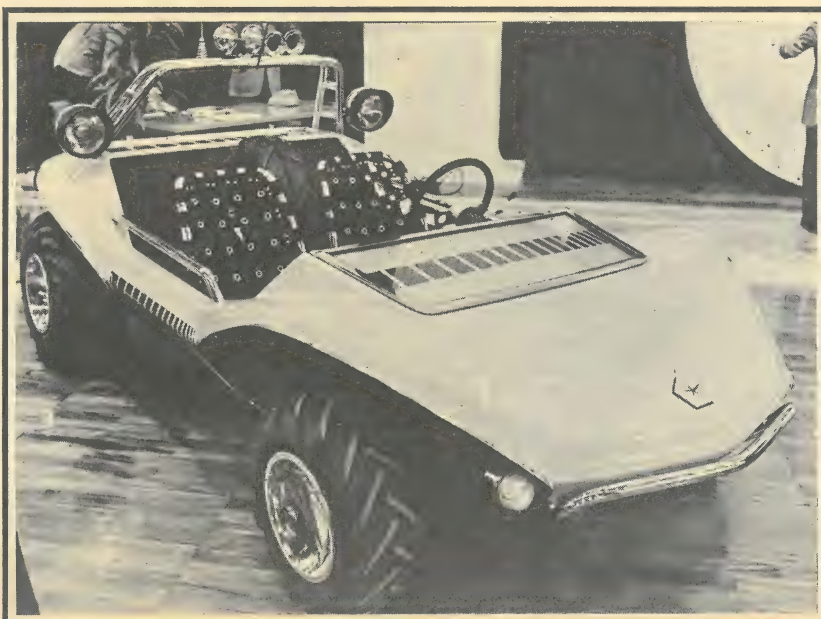
The attractive semi-wedge, created by Italian stylist Francis Lombardi to clothe the engine and chassis of the German NSU 1200 saloon. Engine is mounted at the rear, as in the original NSU. It has a capacity of 1200 c.c. and a top speed of over 160 m.p.h.

## BODIES BEAUTIFUL

of the other and separated by a groove surrounding the whole shape. It is easy to alter the car's features simply by changing or eliminating one or more of the modular parts—from saloon to coupé, from coupé to convertible — using the same basic unit all the time.

In contrast to the Modulo is the "aggressive wedge" shape, shown by the Giugiaro Ital Design "Tapiro," considered one of the most successful designs at the Show. It is based on the chassis of the German Volkswagen-Porsche 914, but with an enlarged and tuned engine. With its windscreen almost in line with the bonnet, it has a central roof-spine to which no less than four glazed gull-wing doors are hinged. Two are for the passenger compartment, two for access to the mid-mounted engine and the rear luggage compartment. Says its designer Giorgetto Giugiaro: "I have rejected the dream car for concrete reality. This design, using the Volkswagen Porsche as the mechanical basis, could go into production immediately."

But for all the futuristic and beautiful masterpieces, the car that could really change the face of our cities is the modest "Urbanina," a tiny electric-powered two-seater with a revolutionary round chassis and a choice of two bodies—one in wicker-work with fantastic all-round visibility, the other completely enclosed, (for rainier climates). All over the world traffic congestion is one of the biggest urban problems. The Urbanina could help to solve it while the lovely streamlined wedges, built for speed, will probably end up spending their lives fuming helplessly in traffic jams.



Above left: The Giugiaro Ital design "Tapiro" wedge-shaped sports car, considered one of the most successful of the Turin show. It is based on the chassis of the German VW-Porsche 914, with an enlarged engine. Car is pictured from the front. Two gull-winged doors give access to the driver's and passenger's seats, and there are two more at rear for access to engine and luggage compartments. Above: Revolutionary approach to city-car design: the "Urbanina", with its virtually circular chassis and wicker-work body (which is optional—there is an all-enclosed version for colder climates). It is powered by a 1000 Watt, 24 Volt electric motor. Left: The Bertone "Shake" dune-buggy, a serious design effort to lift this highly personalised mode of transport out of the home-made bracket. Features include retractable dashboard, cross-belted seats with spare wheel housed between them, double roll-bar supporting headlights and Goodyear terra-terra tyres. It is 3.5 metres long, and built on a modified Simca 1200 S Coupe chassis.



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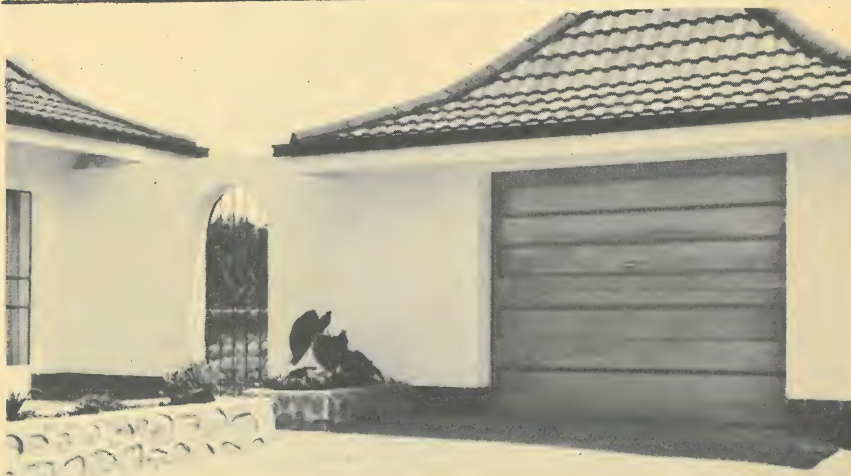
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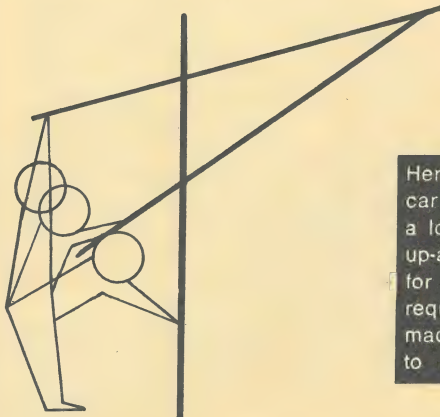
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# FOOD FOR THOUGHT

**Rhodesian girls are being trained to look after two of the hospital patient's most important needs.**



Top picture: Kitchencraft. Edith Scott and Johanna van Rooyen checking ingredients. Above: "See what happens when you don't feed them properly?" Carolyn Dolina lectures on anatomy.

**"H**UITRES à l'écaille, please." Oysters in a half-shell, in a hospital?

Well, maybe not. But it's a possibility, because at this moment there are six Rhodesian girls who are being trained to meet two of the hospital patient's most important needs — good food and a proper diet.

The girls — Johanna Van Rooyen, Louisa Bunder, Rene Beyleveld, Maria Teixeira, Frances Kennedy and Edith Scott—are taking part in a two-year pilot course in Institutional Domestic Management run by the Ministry of Health. They started in April.

In charge is Miss Louise Allaart, senior dietitian in the Ministry. She regrets the "sad lack of training in domestic science in this country" and says: "it's a great shortcoming that towns the size of Salisbury and Bulawayo don't have a domestic science college because in the domestic field

there's a lot of scope for properly trained girls. They're in tremendous demand for boarding-schools, children's homes, hospitals and a variety of other institutions."

The Ministry of Health decided to fill its need for qualified girls by training them itself.

A course was worked out based on Miss Allaart's experience in the Hague and a system in use at the Glasgow Domestic Science College.

Louise Allaart recalled the start of her career in domestic science.

"I couldn't even peel a potato when I left high school in Holland," she mused. She decided to enrol at Laan Van Meerdervoort, the oldest domestic science college in the Hague.

After qualifying as a dietitian she worked in a children's hospital and then later became the first dietitian in the history of the 400-year-old Haarlem Hospital. Then "in 1959 I replied to an advertisement placed by the



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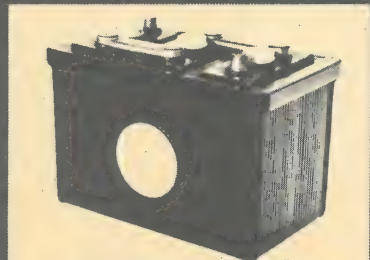
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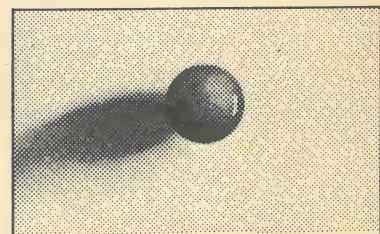
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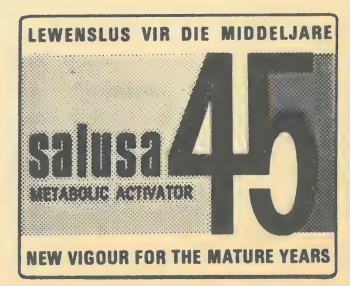


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Learning to be specialists in an important field. Top: Dietitian Carolyn Dolina talks to the girls about different cuts of pork. Above left: "Daisies" Marla Teixeira, Edith Scott and Louisa Bunder sample their own cooking, and take obvious pleasure in the result. Above right and below left lessons in kitchen hygiene. Below right: senior dietitian Louise Allaart explaining the intricacies of a hospital oven.



## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Federal Government in a British magazine, 'Nutrition'. I came out here as a dietitian on a three-year contract. I stayed."

**T**RAINEES live in the nurses' home and receive the same privileges including free medical aid, laundry and low cost accommodation.

Their training during the week is divided into two sections: two days theory—Monday at the Salisbury Polytechnic and Thursday at the Salisbury Hospital Group Hospital—and three and a half days practical.

Carolyn Dolina, a dietitian from San Francisco, is in charge of the girls' practical training at the hospital.

The course is very comprehensive,

covering such things as nutrition and physiology, menus and meal planning, sewing and linen administration, English, General Science, administration and bookkeeping, First Aid, hygiene, food technology, child welfare and home nursing.

Which, I think pretty well adds up to a very eligible young woman.

The trainees take part in the work being done in the different wards and departments and submit reports on what they have learned. Before proceeding to the second year they will have to pass a short test. After the final examinations the "Daisies"—recognisable by their yellow dresses—will be able to "relieve the nurses from domestic supervisory duties and will take over all domestic arrangements in the catering, staff management, linen management—which is a big job in a hospital—and nurses home," Miss Allaart explained.

"Cotes de Veau à l'Ardennaise followed by Poires Pochees au Vin Rouge. Thank you, nurse."•

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# GRAND DESIGN

**Norma Wightman browses around one of Rhodesia's oldest, and most resplendent, homesteads.**

**T**HE rambling old Rhodesian homestead of the Charles Frederick Browning family, early pioneers in Salisbury, today contains some of the finest antique furnishings in Rhodesia.

Rocky Lodge, built in 1903, is appropriately named for its prominent site on a rocky kopje in Avondale. A long drive leads to the house with its traditional wide verandahs and uninspired architecture which gives few clues to the resplendent interior.

Inside Rocky Lodge are antique furnishings comparable to the finest in European museums. The spacious lounge, with its Louis XV furniture and almost priceless Italian crystal chandeliers, rivals the splendour of some of the rooms at Versailles. An outstanding feature is an especially elaborate

cabinet made by Andre Charles Boulle, one of the greatest craftsmen of the late Louis XIV period. Exquisite marquetry in rare woods marks this period of some of history's finest cabinet makers.

The dining room contains many of the original heavy oak English pieces brought to Rhodesia by the Browning family, who trekked by ox wagon from South Africa in 1898. A suit of early Venetian armour stands imposingly in one corner while a magnificent Chinese cabinet with intricate mother of pearl inlay graces the opposite corner. Medieval weaponry, old prints and silver and pewterware lend the interest of a private museum to this room. Something of the atmosphere of a baronial banquet hall is achieved with this unorthodox melange of accessories and antiques.●

**OPPOSITE PAGE, top left:** Spacious, gracious entrance hall contains some lovely objets d'art, sets the mood for the rest of the house.

**OPPOSITE PAGE, top right:** Louis XV furniture of incomparable craftsmanship graces the guest bedroom. The suite is identical to one in the Palace of Versailles.

**OPPOSITE PAGE, bottom:** Heavy oak table and sideboard in the dining room originally belonged to the Browning family. The present owners, who have catholic tastes in antiques, have added a number of medieval weapons and a Venetian suit of armour to the decor.

**BELOW:** The grand drawing room of the old Browning home, called Rocky Lodge and built in the early 1900s, is furnished largely in the elegant period of Louis XV. An especially noteworthy piece is the beautiful cabinet in the far corner. It was made by Andre Charles Boulle, one of the greatest French craftsmen of the Louis XIV era.







# MANSON



**DRAMATIS PERSONNAE.** Above, left and right: the only one of Charles Manson's "family" prepared to betray him. Facing a battery of microphones, Linda Kasabian tells the court that Manson wasn't physically present at the Tate killings, but that he masterminded the murders, directing operations from a distance. Below: State-appointed Chief Defence Attorney Paul Fitzgerald — odd-man-out in an unusual defence team—talks to newsmen. Fitzgerald is said to have been bitterly frustrated by the bunglings of his colleagues. Bottom left: Hippie defence lawyer Ronald Hughes, who recently disappeared and is feared dead. Bottom centre: Deputy District Attorney Vincent Bugliosi prosecuting. Bottom right: Ronald Goldman, attorney for defector Linda Kasabian.



**F**OR THE past five months, the people of the State of California have been labouring to dispose, legally, of the murder of actress Sharon Tate and six other persons on two successive nights in August, 1969—murders in which the killers and the killed were unknown to each other.

In all the history of modern mayhem, there cannot have been many murders more foul than the Tate killing—a kind of urban My Lai, in which seven-months' pregnant Sharon and her friends were brutally butchered, cut down as they tried to flee from their frenzied attackers. The victims' blood then served as paint with which the murderers daubed "Kill" and "Pigs" on the walls and furnishings of the Tate living room. The following night an innocuous middle-aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. Leno La Bianca, were selected at random as the next candidates for a similar killing—and slaughtered in their beds.

The trial of Charles Manson and three of his hippie tribe for these murders has been no less bizarre.

First there was the delineation by the prosecution of the dream world, in the Californian desert, which Manson and his drugged acolytes had inhabited; a world of erotic orgies, black magic rituals, and frequent "trips" (it was alleged during the trial that Linda Kasabian, a former Manson follower, now turned State witness, had undergone 300 LSD experiences).

**M**ANSON, a gaunt figure with long dark locks, his forehead branded with a self-inflicted "X" carving ("because I have X-ed myself from your world") for the most part sat smiling and murmuring to himself during the proceedings.

Prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi, in an outline of his case, stated his belief that a Beatles song, "Helter Skelter", had triggered off the passion for violence dormant in Manson's madness. Manson, said Bugliosi, interpreted "Helter Skelter" as depicting a violent black uprising against whites.

Manson thought he would escape this by leading his hippie caravan





# MESS TRIAL

**Few murders have been more bizarre than the Sharon Tate killing. The subsequent trial proceedings have proved almost as strange.**

into the desert, but first he would precipitate helter-skelter by making other whites think it had arrived—thus, presumably, launching an avalanche of racial strife. The words “helter-skelter” were written in blood all over the La Bianca home after the killings.

Manson's own testimony, towards the end of the trial, accurately mirrored the meaningless violence, the twister philosophies which characterised the entire proceedings.

Sometimes in anger, sometimes in tears, Manson babbled: “I have stayed in jail and I have stayed stupid, and I have stayed a child while I have watched your world grow up, and then I look at the things that you do and I don't understand. Most of the people at the ranch that you call the family were just people that you did not want, people that were alongside the road; I took them up on my garbage dump, and I told them this: that in love there is no wrong . . . My peace is in the desert or the jail cell, and had I not seen the sunshine in the desert, I would be satisfied with the jail cell much more over your society.”

## FAMILY GIRL

His sole defector, 22-year-old Linda Kasabian, told of joining the Manson “family”, after a background of living in eleven communes, all of them drug-orientated, over the past five years.

She testified that Manson was not at the Tate murder scene, but through his strange hypnotic influence over his followers, master-minded and controlled them at a distance.

The main reason for the Tate killings, says the prosecution, was that Sharon Tate was unlucky enough to live in a house at one time owned by a man who had once slighted Manson.

Manson, the self-styled “Messiah”, was not pleased with the “messiness” of the Tate murders, and to correct this rank inefficiency, it is alleged that he went along himself with his dis-

ciples the next night, to supervise the La Bianca slaughter.

**M**ANSON'S choice of attorneys was a defence team as ill-assorted as the fragments of his own personality. At first he wanted no lawyer at all, but when a judge insisted on his being represented by a professional attorney, Manson selected 35-year-old Ronald Hughes, a hippie who had failed the bar exam three times before passing, and who was ordered by Manson to grow a beard before he could appear for the defence (he obeyed); 52-year-old Irving Kanarek, regarded by Manson as the most obstructionist and time-consuming lawyer in Los Angeles, and employed by him in the hopes of so irritating the judge that Manson would be allowed, after all, to defend himself; and 53-year-old Korean Daye Shinn, a former used-car salesman. Odd man out is state-appointed Paul Fitzgerald, 33, who has been bitterly frustrated by the bunglings of his colleagues.

Hippie Hughes has since mysteriously disappeared; last seen in a remote mountain area and now believed dead.

Manson's disciples, 22-year-old Susan Atkins, 22-year-old Patricia Krenwinkel (alleged to have been the leading light in the Tate murders), and 20-year-old Leslie Van Houten, sprang a surprise on their own attorneys recently when they announced their intention—implanted by Manson—of testifying to their guilt, exculpating Manson from any part in the killings.

The defence team, for once in accord, tried to keep the girls off the stand, but eventually the judge ruled that the three had a right to testify . . . if the jury were removed. At this point Manson leapt up and delivered his extraordinary sermon, lasting 90 minutes, after which he told the girls that they need not, after all, confess. So the jurors did not hear any defence witnesses.

The final arguments have now been presented. The world waits for the dénouement of this tragedy—which cannot fail to be as macabre as its preceding acts. ●



Charles Manson at the time of his arrest.



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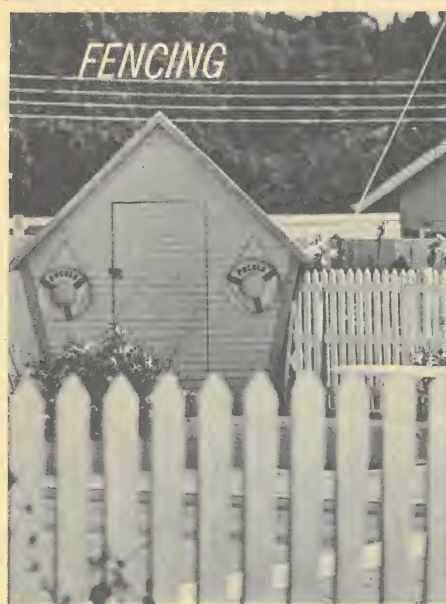
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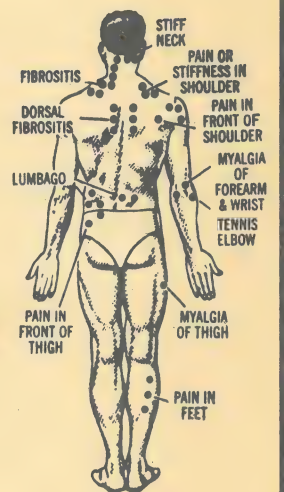
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## BUDGET STRETCHING MENU

# OLIVINE & Buttercup Margarine

LUXURY TABLE

# MENU



### MENU:

Lamb Ragout\*  
Tangy Green Beans\*  
New Potatoes  
Peach Cream Tart\*  
Saute Mushrooms  
Constantia Coffee\*

\*Recipes given below

**J**ANUARY is notoriously the month for economic doldrums. With too much month left at the end of your money, every penny of the food budget is bound to be strained. When the family begins to rebel at all the repetitious mince and stew recipes try this delicious variation of lamb ragout. A bit of left-over sherry from the New Year's party and a delicate blending of seasoning and herbs make this low-cost dish gourmet fare.

If the family is weary of seasonal fresh fruit, try this mouth-watering peach cream tart for a change.

### LAMB RAGOUT

1½ lb. stewing lamb ♦ ¼ cup flour ♦ ½ teaspoon salt ♦ freshly ground black pepper to taste ♦ ¼ cup OLIVINE ♦ 1½ cups stock, approximately (can be made with bouillon cubes) ♦ 2 tablespoons sherry ♦ 1 clove garlic, crushed (optional) ♦ 2 tablespoons lemon juice ♦ 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Dredge meat pieces with seasoned flour. Heat the OLIVINE and saute the lamb until browned on all sides. Add the remaining ingredients except the lemon juice and parsley and bring just to the boil.

Transfer the ragout to a 2 quart oven proof dish. Cover and bake for about one and a half hours or until the lamb is tender. Stir in the lemon juice and garnish with chopped parsley. Serves 6.

### PEACH CREAM TART

Shortcrust pastry ♦ 4 oz. flour ♦ pinch salt ♦ 2 oz. MELVA ♦ cold water.

Filling: 3 cups sliced fresh peaches ♦ ½-¾ cup sugar ♦ ¼ cup flour ♦ pinch salt ♦ pinch nutmeg ♦ ¼ pint cream.

Prepare shortcrust pastry as usual and use to line a deep 9 inch pie dish.

To prepare the filling, peel and slice fresh peaches to make three cups. Combine the sliced peaches with the remaining ingredients except for the cream. Place in the unbaked pastry shell and pour the quarter pint of cream over all.

Bake in a hot oven (400-450°F.) for 35 to 45 minutes. Chill before serving. Serves 6.

### CONSTANTIA COFFEE

For each person, measure one tablespoon of Van Der Hum liqueur into a large coffee cup. (If demi-tasse is required, use one teaspoon of liqueur.) Make up some strong black coffee, using four tablespoons of coffee to one pint of boiling water. Leave to stand for a few minutes, then draw grains aside from the surface. Pour coffee through a filter over the liqueur; add sugar to taste. Pour a thin layer of unwhipped cream over the surface of the coffee, and drink through this. Apricot brandy, Cointreau or Grand Mariner can be substituted for Van Der Hum. Langues de chat—wafer-thin sponge biscuits, now available in packets in Rhodesia — go well with this.

**TANGY GREEN BEANS**  
1 lb. green beans, cooked ♦ ¼ cup French dressing ♦ 2 tablespoons Buttercup Margarine ♦ dash Worcestershire Sauce ♦ seasoning to taste.

Cook green beans as usual just until barely tender. Drain well and mix in ¼ cup French dressing (2 tablespoons Olivine and 2 tablespoons vinegar) and remaining ingredients. Reheat, and adjust seasoning. Serves 4-6.





Grace Galloway talks

# SHOW

**S**TAR of the show for me during a recent visit to Salisbury's "Celebrity Club" was . . . the managing director. I rang up to ask about forthcoming shows, and instead of the customary beetling of brows (audible over the telephone, I can assure you), ho hums, crinkling of paper, all wound up with a "send the messenger around next week, love, and I'll let you have some handouts", the voice at the other end said: "Come on over and see for yourself. I can promise you that it's fantastic."

And so it was. But more about that later. **Peter Roost**, director of the company which has taken over both the "Celebrity Club" and Paradise Park, met me at the door—and I couldn't believe my eyes. Vaguely expecting something middleaged, cigar smoking and corpulent, with a fringe on top, I was confronted with a trendy looking young bloke (he is sensitive about his youth, asked me not to print his age)—but I can tell you that what he lacks in years, he possesses a thousandfold in flair. Swiss-born Peter ("my family have been industrialists for generations; I still don't know how or why I got into show business") and his pretty blonde wife Heidi have only just started getting their teeth into the mouthful that is the C.C.; one of the first items on the reforming agenda was the raising of the stage, so that everyone, even patrons in the bar lounge, gets a good gander at any intricate footwork on display.

Peter is friendly with well-known impresario **Gordon Mills**—manager of **Tom Jones**, **Engelbert Humperdinck** and **Mary Hopkin**, to name but a few of the thoroughbreds in the Mills stable—and Gordon Mills will be visiting Rhodesia soon to discuss plans concerning forthcoming cabaret acts. I can't tell you at the moment the names of the stars Peter hopes to net for the "Celebrity Club" during 1971, but the two he mentioned to me will have them fighting in the streets for tickets, I'll wager. International names, both of them; right at the top of the world entertainment tree NOW (as opposed to 15 years ago).



A dollar to a dollop of sadza that you've never heard of Florentine Piero Tosi . . . yet this young designer's glamorous thirties creations for Visconti's film "The Damned" undoubtedly added impetus to the fashion swing towards the midi. Tosi's latest confections may well provide food for a rethink on the charms of the maxi. Modelling a few of his delectable clothes here (above, above right, right) is **Silvana Mangano**, the lucky lady for whom they were designed, apropos her part in Visconti's latest film "Death In Venice"—starring **Dirk Bogarde** as a homosexual musician. Silvana plays the part of the mother of the boy who catches Bogarde's eye. She has barely a line to say in the film. But then, with those looks and those clothes, who needs words?



For those who sweated over carving the Christmas turkey, here's a more shapely bird . . . **Francoise Pascal's** the name, and she's appearing in the film "Burke and Hare", which is all about those diabolical body-snatchers. Left: Francoise's fate in the film: a dissecting slab. Right: Francoise alive and kicking.

Eyecatcher **Ella Fitzgerald** flew into London recently in a flamboyant outfit of leopard skin coat, brown suede gaucho trousers, hat and boots. 51-year-old Ella came from Brussels to appear in a charity gala.

Comedian **Bob Hope** is currently engaged on his annual globetrotting tour of American service bases, to present his Christmas show—which is brightened by the traditional beauties—such as Bob's fellow travellers this year: actress **Ursula Andress** (seen here on Bob's knee) and Miss World **Jennifer Hosten**.

If all Peking's weapons were as stunning as actress **Lucille Soong**, perhaps there'd be a bit of peaceful co-existence. Peking-born **Lucille** is currently filming "One More Time"—in which she plays a murderess.



# BUSINESS

Not that the present show at the Club isn't sufficiently swinging. It had everyone rocking—literally and figuratively—within minutes; firstly with the excellent Presley repertoire of **Granville Pillar**—billed as Ireland's answer to Tom Jones, but looking remarkably like **John Lennon** in his pre lock-chop days. Then there is **Lana**... male or female? Best to reply to this in the manner of wags with official forms, answering the question Sex? with "Plenty". Lana has lashings; I won't spoil the show for you by Revealing All, but it's certainly the slickest drag act to hit Salisbury for many moons. The beginning of star **Steve Montgomery's** act was marred for me by a mass exodus on the part of dozens of dollies to the loo and thus the luckless lad had to pit his lungs against the pulling of chains for the first few minutes. But what lungs! Much though I enjoyed his clever impersonations and easy patter, his straight singing is the highlight of the evening; and his "My Way" unforgettable.

★ ★ ★

"La Boheme" has some goodies too for Salisbury nightclubbers during January. Starting on the 17th there is **Tony Crawley**, for whom 1970 has been a crowded year: he's just finished the summer season at Blackpool, and before that there was an England-wide tour with Engelbert Humperdinck. Also billed is **Wee Willie Harris** and his Rockets. "They're phenomenal," says manager **Ray Curtis**, and tells me that Wee Willie and his travelling band appeared in the Italian film "Nightlife", which cinema-goers may remember from a year or two back.

★ ★ ★

**WALT** Disney's **THE ARISTOCRATS**, presently on the Southern African circuit, can be said to be the "Cleopatra" of cartoons: it cost \$4 million and took four years to make. At least there were no problems about leading ladies running off with heroes, or throwing nervous

breakdowns... but otherwise, I'm willing to wager that it will be quite as fascinating as any flesh-and-blood epic, for the personalities of its voice cast cannot help but have influenced the development of the animated characters. I mean, any script writer who is told that **Duchess**—the leading aristocrat, and a feline heir to a fortune willed to her by her doting millionairess owner—is to be played by **Eva Gabor**, knows instantly and exactly how slinky, seductive and beguiling that mog is going to be. The millionairess herself is played by fruity-voiced **Hermione Baddeley**, that real-life grande dame; **Phil Harris**, who was the voice of Baloo in Walt Disney's **THE JUNGLE BOOK**, returns to Disneyland to play O'Malley, an adventurous Don Juan alley cat; and **Scatman Crothers**, a well-known American blues and jazz musician-singer, sings and swings as Scat Cat, the alley cat band leader who races to the rescue when Duchess and O'Malley are in danger. Other characters in the "Aristocrats" include **Rocquefort**, a Sherlock Holmes type mouse; **Edgar**, the millionairess' greedy butler who turns catnapper; **Napoleon** and **Lafayette**, two tire-biting farm dogs who go to the seat of the problem; **Frou Frou**, a frivolous carriage horse, and **Abigail** and **Amelia Gabble**, two daffy English geese.

"The Aristocrats" was the last cartoon feature which Maestro Disney personally supervised before his death, and it certainly seems to bear his inimitable stamp of adventure, pathos and comedy—all of which combine to make that indefinable magic, capable of spellbinding six and sixty year olds alike.

★ ★ ★

**THE NEWS** you've all been waiting for! A sequel to **BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES** which was a sequel to (surprise!) **PLANET OF THE APES** is currently being filmed. As yet untitled, it will be produced by **Arthur P. Jacobs**, producer of the original "Apes" films.

Singer **Dorothy Squires** did her own thing in London recently, cocking a snook at British show business bosses who, she claims, are not giving her the break she deserves. 47-year-old Dorothy hasn't been seen on TV for nine years, but claims she has a huge following of fans. To prove it, she organized her own London Palladium show, at a cost of \$10 000. It paid off... tickets sold out so quickly that soon blackmarket requests for \$4 tickets at \$30 were being turned down. At the show, 2 300 loyal fans—mostly middle-aged—gave Dorothy a standing ovation and deluged her with flowers. There have already been 20 000 advance orders for an LP of the show.



Celebrities at the "Celebrity". L to R: enterprising impresario Peter Roost, Granville Pillar, Steve Montgomery and seated, Lana (male or female? Definitely female).



The days of wine and roses are over for TV star **Simon Dee**: he has just signed on the dole. 35 year old Simon, who once earned \$400 a week on television, can no longer find work. The employment exchange offered him a job as a frozen food salesman, but he decided to play it cool and remain unemployed for a little longer: existing on the \$20.60 a week dole money.



There's a shaggy dog story going round town about singer **Cilla Black**: so attached is she to her briard dogs **Sophie** and **Ada** that her next LP will bear the name: "Cilla n' Sophie n' Ada." Here Les Girls go for their morning walk round Regents Park before Cilla starts her daily ten-hour rehearsal stint for panto "Aladdin".



The bridegroom's smile looks a trifle uneasy as singer **Tom Jones** chats up bride **Vicki Shepherd**, 22-year-old secretary to Tom's manager, at her wedding to dentist **Robert Murdoch** recently.

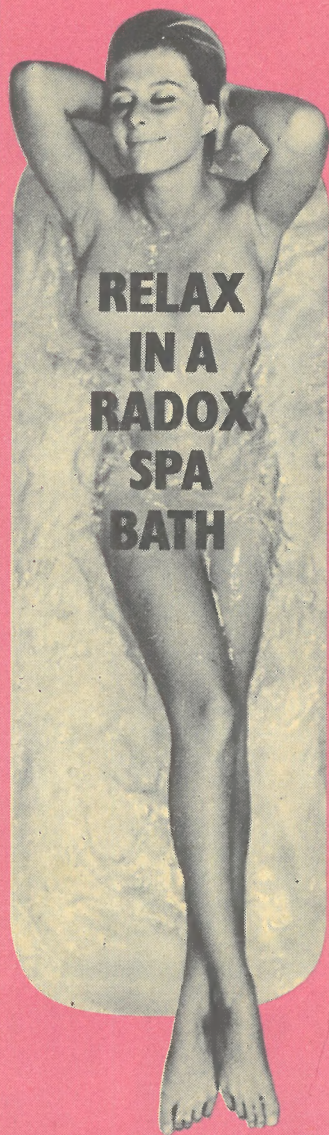


**Dietrich** is the name. Though the monica's **Monika**, not **Marlene**. This 25-year-old honey came to England as an au pair girl, but was soon offered a job in films, and has since appeared in "A Dandy In Aspic" and "The Italian Job".



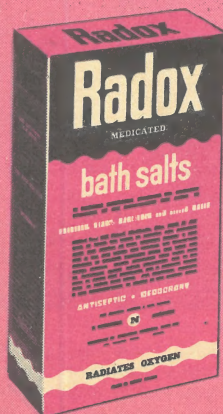
There was a star-studded turnout for the premiere of "Ryan's Daughter". An electrifying sight at the premiere was actress **Nikki Arrighi**, currently appearing in new film "The Devils"—which calls for shaven heads.





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## HIDDEN HAZARDS

*How harmful are oral contraceptives?*

*Expert critics of the Pill outnumbered its defenders by about seven to one, says Dr. Alan Frost.*

ONE of the most frequent questions asked me by women patients during 1970 was whether I was in favour of the use of birth control pills as a contraceptive method. There's little doubt that the investigation in America of the oral contraceptive during the early months of last year, and the resultant widespread publicity given to the findings of the subcommittee convened for this purpose, all magnified the fear lurking in the back of most female Pill-consumers' minds into a looming spectre.

At the "trial", critics of the Pill outnumbered defenders by about seven to one. Dr. Hugh J. Davis, an assistant professor of obstetrics and gynaecology at John Hopkins University, argued that "breast cancers have been induced in at least five different species of animals by treatment with the same synthetic hormones being marketed in the oral contraceptives. Every important agent which has a carcinogenic (cancer-causing) effect in humans has been shown to cause cancer in animals. There is no reason to presume that the single exception will turn out to be the oral contraceptive."

Though it's correct to say that everything known to cause cancer in man also causes cancer in animals, the converse is not true. There is as yet no conclusive evidence that the Pill causes cancer, although it may eventually be shown to do so—just as cigarette smoking was prevalent for 50 years before its link with lung cancer was established. Researchers are currently testing the Pill's hormones on animals which are expected to provide answers much sooner than they could be derived from studying human patients. Said Dr. Roy Hertz of Rockefeller University: "The ultimate outcome of this race between monkeys, dogs and women can be anticipated by informed observers only with the greatest apprehension."

On the credit side, however, many gynaecologists maintain that where endometriosis (a painful overgrowth of the lining of the womb) is concerned, one of the two hormones in the Pill may have marked protective effects against the development of cancer. Then also, the supposedly "precancerous" cervical cell changes detected in women on the Pill have been found to be the same as those occurring spontaneously in women who are pregnant—and even in newborn babies.

However, it cannot be denied that the types of accident in this particular case can be fairly nasty. Because the Pill consists of two powerful hormones, it's likely to have more side effects than most other drugs. Immediate effects on some women are weight gain, breast tenderness, nausea, headaches, and changes in sex drive (both increase and decrease.) More serious is the fact that its use can cause clot formation in a leg vein (thrombophlebitis) signalled by painful cramps. Though not immediately dangerous in itself, there is the possibility that such a clot may be dislodged, then travel through the right side of the heart to the lungs, to cause pulmonary embolism—a frequently fatal condition. Equally dangerous is obstruction of one of the brain's arteries by a clot.

The Pill can affect blood pressure, raising it so abruptly that a blowout in a brain artery occurs. Another vascular disturbance is the migraine headache, which results from the dilation of peripheral arteries in the head. Several of my women patients began suffering from migraine for the first time in their lives soon after taking the Pill. Among other "contra-indications" (as doctors call them) are diabetes, liver diseases, breast cancer and possibly rheumatoid arthritis. Some critics also believe that the Pill may be responsible for certain types of genetic change, or malformation of the foetus. Certainly it has been established that the fertility of various women has been impaired after several years on the Pill; it can sometimes be responsible for a cessation of menstruation or ovulation for up to a year after halting the use of oral contraceptives. However, as defender of the Pill, Harvard's Dr. Robert W. Kistner points out: if a woman has never had a child before going on the Pill, and does not conceive afterwards, she may well be among the 10-15 per cent of women who are naturally infertile.

Rhodesian women were warned last year by medical authorities to avoid brands of oral contraceptives which were high in oestrogen—thought to be the villain where clotting troubles are concerned. So one risk at least has been whittled down. Any conscientious doctor, before prescribing any kind of oral contraceptive, will, however, ascertain whether the patient is a diabetic; has ever suffered from migraine; has high blood pressure; has ever suffered from any vascular troubles or blood diseases.

In the final analysis, it is up to the woman concerned to decide, should she have a clean bill of health, whether or not she will take the Pill. If it is absolutely imperative that pregnancy is avoided at all costs, then there is no doubt that despite its risks, the Pill is eminently suitable. If used as prescribed, it is 100 per cent effective.

But if the unexpected advent of a baby would not be too drastic for the couple concerned, then I'd say—put away the Pill, and turn to the time-honoured methods of contraception. After all, our parents didn't make all that many mistakes!\*



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